THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

826

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quod
Vellicat abſentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, et Varius, Maecenas, Virgiliuſque,
Valgius et probet haec Octavius optimus! Hor.

GLASGOW:

Printed by R. Urie,
And ſold by Daniel Baxter, Bookſeller.
MDCCLIV.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth battel continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes, aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then in the form of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occaſions a converſation between theſe two warriors, who return together to the battel. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till being gauled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

WHEN now the thund'rer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring hoſt;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and ſtruggle through the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes, that ſhed inſufferable light,
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days,

ℽ. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy, at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that Homer here turned aſide from the main view of his poem, in a vain oſtentation of learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of theſe nations. But we ſhall find, upon better conſideration, that Jupiter's turning aſide his eyes was neceſſary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to aſſiſt the Greeks, and thereby cauſes all the adventures of this book. Madam Dacier is too refining on this occaſion; when ſhe would have it, that Jupiter's *averting his eyes*, ſignifies his abandoning the Trojans; in the ſame manner as the ſcripture repreſents the Almighty *turning his face* from thoſe whom he deſerts. But, at this rate, Jupiter turning his eyes from the battel, muſt deſert both the Trojans and the Greeks; and it is evident from the context, that Jupiter intended nothing leſs than to let the Trojans ſuffer.

ℽ. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the critics, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in theſe verſes?

Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid he deems to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Mean time the ‡ monarch of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.

Some making ἀγαυοὶ the epithet to ἱππημολγοὶ, others ἱππημολγοὶ the epithet to ἀγαυοὶ; and ἄβιοι, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by Strabo and Ammianus Marcellinus made the proper name of a people. In this diverſity of opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to ſuppoſe, that the long life of the Hippemolgians was an effect of their ſimple diet, and a reward of their juſtice: and that the ſupreme Being, diſpleaſed at the continued ſcenes of human violence and diſſenſion, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the ſimplicity of theſe people.

It is obſervable, that the ſame cuſtom of living on milk is preſerved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the ſame country.

‡ Neptune.

There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main,
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd the Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;

℣. 27. *At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,*
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd ——]

Monſ. de la Motte has played the critic upon this paſſage a little unadviſedly. "Neptune, ſays he, is impatient to aſſiſt the Greeks. Homer tells us, that this "god goes firſt to ſeek his chariot in a certain place; "next, he arrives at another place nearer the camp; "there he takes off his horſes, and then he locks them "faſt, to ſecure them at his return. The detail of ſo "many particularities no way ſuits the majeſty of a "god, or the impatience in which he is deſcribed." Another French writer makes anſwer, that however impatient Neptune is repreſented to be, none of the gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot, and horſes of Neptune were at Ægae. He makes but four ſteps to get thither; ſo that what M. de la Motte calls being ſlow, is ſwiftneſs itſelf. The god puts on his arms, mounts his chariot, and departs; nothing is more rapid than his courſe; he flies over the waters: the verſes of Homer in that place run ſwifter than the god himſelf. It is ſufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very ſound of thoſe three lines, each of which is entirely compoſed of dactyles, excepting that one ſpondee which muſt neceſſarily terminate the verſe.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διΐστατο, τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων.

Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægae ſhook.

℣. 29. ——— *The lofty mountains nod,*
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal god.]
Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the ſublimity of this paſſage. That critic, after having blamed the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their figure and perſons. He owns, that he often paints a god ſuch as he is, in all his majeſty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terreſtrial images; of which he produces this paſſage as a remarkable inſtance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Pſalms affords us a deſcription of the like ſublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy people, when thou didſt march through the wilderneſs, the earth ſhook, the heavens dropped at the preſence of God, even Sinai itſelf was moved at the preſence of God, the God of Iſrael,* Pſalm lxviii.

℣. 32. ——— *Three ample ſtrides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, what he has feigned before of the paſſage of this god. We are told, that at four ſteps he reached Ægae, which ſuppoſing it meant of the town of that name in Euboea, which lay the nigheſt to Thrace, is hardly leſs than a degree at each ſtep. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him ſtriding from promontory to promontory, his firſt ſtep on mount Athos, his ſecond on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in

Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,

Euboea. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole paſſage, and without which the ſublime image of Homer is not complete.

℣. 33. —— *The diſtant Ægae ſhock.*] There were three places of this name, which were all ſacred to Neptune; an iſland in the Ægean ſea, mentioned by Nicoſtratus, a town in Pelopenneſus, and another in Euboea. Homer is ſuppoſed in this paſſage to ſpeak of the laſt; but the queſtion is put, why Neptune who ſtood upon a hill in Samothrace, inſtead of going on the left to Troy, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniouſly ſolved by the old ſcholiaſt; who ſays, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Trace, Neptune could not take the direct way from Samothrace to Troy, without being diſcovered by him, and therefore fetches this compaſs to conceal himſelf. Euſtathius is contented to ſay, that the poet made Neptune go ſo far about, for the opportunity of thoſe fine deſcriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the paſſage of this god.

℣. 43. *Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep.*] This deſcription of Neptune riſes upon us; his paſſage

Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
  Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopt his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;

by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The god driving through the ſeas, the whales acknowleging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that marvellous, ſo natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verſes of Virgil, in the fifth Æneid, are ſhort of his original:

Coeruleo per ſumma levis volat aequora curru:
Subſidunt undae, tumidumque ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur aequor aquis: fugiunt vaſto aethere nimbi.
Tum variae comitum facies, immania cete, etc.

I fancy Scaliger himſelf was ſenſible of this, by his paſſing in ſilence a paſſage which lay ſo obvious to compariſon.

Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattel'd roll'd, as Hector rush'd along.
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your antient worth and praise!
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.

℣. 79. ——— *This part o'erthrown,*
Her strength were vain, I dread for you alone.] What address, and at the same time, what strength is there in these words! Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the Greeks will perish by that gate, since it is Hector who assaults it: at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repuls-

Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain,
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight

ed. It may therefore be properly said, that the Ajaces only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the Greeks. I do not think that any thing better could be invented to animate couragious men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. Dacier.

ỿ. 83. *If yet some heav'nly power*, etc.] Here Neptune, considering how the Greeks were discouraged by the knowlege that Jupiter assisted Hector, insinuates, that notwithstanding Hector's confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other god might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his ability of contesting the point with Jove himself. It is with the same confidence he afterwards speaks to Iris, of himself and his power, when he refuses to submit to the order of Jupiter in the fifteenth book. Eustathius remarks, what an incentive it must be to the Ajaces to hear those who could stand against Hector equalled, in this oblique manner, to the gods themselves.

Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.

Th' inſpiring god, Oileus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon.

Some god, my friend, ſome god in human form,
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r appear:

ỳ. 97. *Th' inſpiring god, Oileus active ſon Perceiv'd the firſt* ———]
The reaſon has been aſked, why the leſſer Ajax is the firſt to perceive the aſſiſtance of the god? And the antient ſolution of this queſtion was very ingenious: they ſaid that the greater Ajax, being ſlow of apprehenſion, and naturally valiant, could not be ſenſible ſo ſoon of this acceſſion of ſtrength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing ſo much to his natural courage.

ỳ. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majeſty of the gods was ſuch that they could not be ſeen face to face by men, ſeems to have been generally received in moſt nations. Spondanus obſerves, that it might be derived from ſacred truth, and founded upon what God ſays to Moſes, in Exodus, chap. 33. ver. 20, 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live: thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face thou ſhalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the heathens, ſee the notes on lib. 1. ver. 268. and on the 5th, ver. 971.

I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
 With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
 Full of the god that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean while the routed Greeks inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes.

Oh laſting infamy! oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free;
Ah no —— the glorious combate you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?

℣. 131. *The ſpeech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune, in his former diſcourſe to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the attack of the Trojans; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who, having fled out of the battel, and retired to the ſhips, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited ſpeeches of the whole Iliad. He repreſents that their preſent miſerable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of reſolution to withſtand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their preſent dejection of mind to a cowardly ſpirit, but to a reſentment and indignation of their general's uſage of their favourite hero Achilles. With the ſame ſoftening art, he tells them, he ſcorns to ſpeak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their miſbehaviour as they are the braveſt of the army. He then exhorts them for their own ſake to avoid deſtruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppoſe ſo imminent a danger.

A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to ev'ry ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldiers baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice?
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price!
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if our king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.

ỳ. 141. *A rout undiſciplin'd,* etc.] I tranſlate this line,

Αὔτως ἠλάσκουσαι, ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ᾽ ἐπὶ χάρμη,

with alluſion to the want of military diſcipline among the Barbarians, ſo often hinted at in Homer. He is always oppoſing to this, the exact and regular diſpoſition of his Greeks, and accordingly, a few lines after, we are told that Grecian phalanxes were ſuch, that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them.

ỳ. 155. *Prevent this evil,* etc.] The verſe in the original,

Ἀλλ᾽ ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον, ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν,

may be capable of receiving another ſenſe to this effect.

Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battel, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
These words the Grecians fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the god-like fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:

"If it be your reſentment of Agamemnon's uſage of "Achilles, that with-holds you from the battel," *that evil,* (*viz.* the diſſention of thoſe two chiefs) *may ſoon be remedied, for the minds of good men are eaſily calmed and compoſed.* I had once tranſlated it,

Their future ſtrife with ſpeed we ſhall redreſs,
For noble minds are ſoon compoſ'd to peace.

But upon conſidering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation, which is that of Didymus, appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

ỳ. 172. *Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,* etc.] We muſt here take notice of an old ſtory, which however groundleſs and idle it ſeems, is related by Plu-

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fixt delight;

tarch, Philostratus, and others. "Ganictor the son "of Amphidamas king of Euboea, celebrating with "all solemnity the funeral of his father, proclaimed "according to custom several public games, among "which was the prize for poetry. Homer and Hesiod "came to dispute for it. After they had produced "several pieces on either side, in all which the audi-"ence declared for Homer, Panides, the brother of "the deceased, who sate as one of the judges, order-"ed each of the contending poets to recite that part "of his works which he esteemed the best. Hesiod "repeated those lines which make the beginning of "his second book,

Πληϊάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων,
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτου ἀρότοιο δὲ δυσομενάων, etc.

"Homer answered with the verses which follow here: "but the prince preferring the peaceful subject of He-"siod to the martial one of Homer; contrary to the "expectation of all, adjudged the prize to Hesiod." The commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a piece of injustice: all the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor Panides. Spondanus is mighty smart, calls him Midas, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead prince as many insulting questions, as any of his author's own heroes could have done. Dacier with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a more equitable judge than Panides. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I must have incurred the censure of all the schoolmasters in the nation.

V. 173. *So close their order*, etc.] When Homer [damaged]es the same subject, he has always the art to

Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battel wait.

riſe in his ideas above what he ſaid before. We ſhall find an inſtance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact diſcipline of an army, with what he had made uſe of on the ſame occaſion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is ſaid, that the moſt experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battel; but here he carries it farther, in affirming, that Pallas and the god of war themſelves muſt have admired this diſpoſition of the Grecian forces. Euſtathius.

℣. 177. *A choſen phalanx, firm,* etc.] Homer in theſe lines has given us a deſcription of the antient phalanx, which conſiſted of ſeveral ranks of men cloſely ranged in this order. The firſt line ſtood with their ſpears levelled directly forward; the ſecond rank being armed with ſpears two cubits longer, levelled them likewiſe forward through the interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their ſpears yet longer, through the two former ranks; ſo that the points of the ſpears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks ſtood with their ſpears erected, in readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant places of ſuch as fell. This is the account Euſtathius gives of the phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a body of men acting on the defenſive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only deſcribes the Greeks ordering their battel in this manner, when they had no other view but to ſtand their ground againſt the furious aſſault of the Trojans. The ſame commentator obſerves from Hermolytus, an antient writer Tactics, that this manner of ordering the phalanx afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Ly

An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
  Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury born,

among the Argives by Lyſander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus.

ỳ. 191. *As from ſome craggy mountain's forehead torn, etc.*] This is one of the nobleſt ſimiles in all Homer, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious deſcent of Hector from the wall repreſented by a ſtone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero puſhed on by the ſuperior force of Jupiter, as the ſtone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the ſtone, the crackling of the woods, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, and the augmentation of force in its progreſs: all theſe points of likeneſs make but the firſt part of this admirable ſimile. Then ſudden ſtop of the ſtone when it comes to the plain,

(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:

as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, Hector rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea:) and lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The simile is copied by Virgil, Æneid. 12.

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps,
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque solo; sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros ———

And Tasso has again copied it from Virgil in his 18th book.

Qual gran sasso tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o svelle ira de' venti
Ruinosa dirupa, e porta, e spezza
Le selve, e con le case anco gli armenti:
Tal giu trabea de la sublime altezza
L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
Die la torre a quel moto une, o duo crolli;
Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli;

It is but justice to Homer to take notice how infinitely inferior both these similes are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeness, and le-

From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.
 On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their faulcions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon' square body, and that black array:
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they seem, embattel'd like a tow'r.
For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.

corresponding circumstances which raise the justness and sublimity of Homer's. In Virgil it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application consists: and in Tasso it has no farther allusion than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verses themselves make us see, the sound of them makes us hear, what they represent; in the noble roughness, rapidity, and sonorous cadence that distinguishes them.

Ῥήξας, ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης, etc.

The translation, however short it falls of these beau- may serve to shew the reader, that there was at endeavour to imitate them.

He ſaid, and rouz'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but marching, held
Before his wary ſteps, his ample ſhield.
Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke, nor aim'd it wide,
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that ſpar'd a foe;
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor rich in gen'rous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedaeus' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the Houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.

Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from ſome far ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus his heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's boaſted line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſt'ned on the dazling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine,)
Deplor'd Amphimacus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
atch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,

In their fell jaws high lifting through the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the goary viſage lay.

The god of ocean fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his † grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;

† Amphimachus.

℣. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whoſe character, if I take it right, is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common life: a perſon of the firſt rank, ſufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conſcious of his decline of ſtrength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himſelf in dignity, and to preſerve the veneration of others. The true picture of a ſtiff old ſoldier, not willing to loſe any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconſiderate in danger; but by the ſenſe of his age, and by his experience in battel, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: very careful and tender of his ſoldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long, that they were become old acquaintance; (ſo that it was with great judgment Homer choſe to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon ſubjects of war, as afraid that others might loſe the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the lon converſation with Meriones, and Ajax's reproach

His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,

him in Iliad 23. ꝟ. 478. of the original, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: that respect Agamemnon seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little insisted. Iliad. 4. ꝟ. 296, *etc.* The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, savour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the antients a tradition of Idomeneus, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the Heroics of Philostratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with Agamemnon himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in Homer, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous persons, or the traditions that past in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming oddnesses not only in the characters, but in the speeches of the Iliad: for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to

Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battel bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to him the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andraemon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?

To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home

ſeveral particulars. For inſtance, the ſpeech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to Idomeneus in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much leſs odd and ſurprizing. Or, who can tell but it had ſome alluſion to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whoſe character was ſo well known, as to become a proverb? *The Cretans, evil beaſts, and ſlow bellies.*

℣. 283. *The ſurgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only phyſicians in the army; it appears from ſome paſſages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to advertiſe, that the antient phyſicians were all ſurgeons. Euſtathius.

Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou can'ſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.

Thus he; and thus the god, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combate on this ſignal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battel on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.

This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combate burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!

℣. 325. ——— *Meriones attends;*
Whom thus he queſtions ——]

This converſation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally cenſured as highly improper and out of place, and as ſuch is given up even by M. Dacier, the moſt zealous of our poet's defenders. However, if we look cloſely into the occaſion and drift of this diſcourſe, the accuſation will, I believe, appear not ſo well grounded. Two perſons of diſtinction, juſt when the enemy is put to a ſtop by the Ajaces, meet behind the army: having each on important occaſions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded ſoldier, the other to ſeek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is ſuperior in years as well as authority, returning to the battel, is ſurprized to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (θεράποντα, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his ſoldier's honour, demands the cauſe of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a ſpear, he yet ſeems unſatisfied with the excuſe; adding, that he himſelf did not approve of that diſtant manner of fighting with a ſpear. Meriones being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks, had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect his courage: whereupon Idomeneus perceiving him highly piqued, aſſures him he entertains no ſuch hard thoughts of him, ſince he had often known his courage proved on ſuch occaſions, where the danger being greater, and the number ſmaller, it was impoſſible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a ſiniſter interpretation to their inactivity during this diſcourſe, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this converſation has its riſe from a jealouſy in the moſt tender point of honour, I think the poet

O say, in ev'ry art of battel skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.
  O prince! Meriones replies, whose care
Leads forth th' embattel'd sons of Crete to war;
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.
  To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all,)
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.

cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses; which after all cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

ỳ. 335. *This headless lance,* etc.] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battel to seek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here send Meriones on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was useless without this weapon.

ỳ. 339. *Spears I have store,* etc.] Idomeneus describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his friends occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these war-

Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, or aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.

riors contended with ſuch eagerneſs to carry off the arms of a vanquiſhed enemy.

This gives me an occaſion to animadvert upon a falſe remark of Euſtathius, which is inſerted in the notes on the 11th book, "that Homer, to ſhew us no-" thing is ſo unſeaſonable in a battel as to ſtay to de-" ſpoil the ſlain, feigns that moſt of the warriors who" do it, are killed, wounded, or unſucceſsful." I am aſtoniſhed how ſo great a miſtake ſhould fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from who had read him ſo thoroughly, and even ſuperſtitiouſly, as the old archbiſhop of Theſſalonica. There is ſcarce a book in Homer that does not abound with inſtances to the contrary, where the conquerors ſtript their enemies, and bear off their ſpoils in triumph. It was (as I have already ſaid in the eſſay on Homer's battels) as honourable an exploit in thoſe days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a ſtandard. But it is a ſtrange conſequence, that becauſe our author ſometimes repreſents a man unſucceſsful in a glorious attempt, he therefore diſcommends the attempt itſelf; and is as good an argument againſt encountering an enemy living, as againſt deſpoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which Homer has ſo well marked the diſtinction; when he conſtantly ſpeaks of the ſpoils as glorious, but makes Neſtor in the 6th book, and Hector in the 15th, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midſt of a victory, and ſometimes even after it.

Nor vain, ſaid Merion, are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains, whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt.

℣. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the Greek more in converſation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in Homer, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in Virgil; the conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued converſations, ſuch as this of our two heroes, a little reſembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic. However, that ſuch was the way of writing generally practiſed in thoſe antient times, appears from the like manner uſed in moſt of the books of the old teſtament; and it particularly agreed with our author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumſtance of what he deſcribed.

℣. 357. *In that ſharp ſervice,* etc.] In a general battel cowardice may be the more eaſily concealed, by rea-

No force, nor firmneſs, the pale coward ſhews;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave——ſtills dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If ought diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.

In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd ſpears, the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.

ſon of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuſcade, where the ſoldiers are few, each muſt be diſcovered to be what he is; this is the reaſon why the antients entertained ſo great an idea of this ſort of war; the braveſt men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch occaſions. Euſtathius.

Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man)

℣. 384. *So Mars armipotent,* etc.] Homer varies his ſimilitudes with all imaginable art, ſometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, ſometimes from natural paſſions, ſometimes from the occurrences of life, and ſometimes, as in the ſimile before us, from hiſtory. The invention af Mars's paſſage from Thrace, (which was feigned to be the country of that god) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is ſomething of a fine enthuſiaſm, in Homer's manner of fetching a compaſs, as it were, to draw in new images, beſides thoſe in which the direct point of likeneſs conſiſts. Milton perfectly well underſtood the beauty of theſe digreſſive images, as we may ſee from the following ſimile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd embow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-ſea coaſt, whoſe wave o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floting carcaſſes,
And broken chariot-wheels:——*So thick beſtrown*
Abject and loſt lay theſe.——

Terror, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horror o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combate in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

As for the general purport of this compariſon of Homer, it gives us a noble and majeſtic idea, at once, of Idomeneus and Meriones, repreſented by Mars and his ſon Terror; in which each of theſe heroes is greatly elevated, yet the juſt diſtinction between them preſerved. The beautiful ſimile of Virgil, in his 12th Æneid, is drawn with an eye to this of our author.

Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi aequore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum: circumque atrae Formidinis ora,
Iraeque, Inſidiaeque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.

℣. 396. ——— *Shall we join the right,*
Or combate in the centre of the fight,
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?

The common interpreters have to this queſtion of Me-

Not in the centre, Idomen reply'd,
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battel on the ſounding ſhield.

riones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonſenſe; explaining it thus. *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where elſe do the Greeks ſo much want aſſiſtance?* which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our "aſſiſtance is moſt wanted, or where it is not want-"ed?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to underſtand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our aſſiſtance to the right, to the left, or to the center? Since the Greeks being equally preſſed and engaged on all ſides, equally need our aid in all parts.*

℣. 400. *Not in the centre*, etc.] There is in this anſwer of Idomeneus a ſmall circumſtance which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole ſpirit and reaſon of what is ſaid by him conſiſts. He ſays he is in no fear for the centre, ſince it is defended by Teucer and Ajax; Teucer being not only moſt famous for the uſe of the bow, but likewiſe excellent [illegible]αδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ, in a *cloſe ſtanding fight*: and as for Ajax, though not ſo ſwift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτοσταδίῃ, in the ſame *ſtedfaſt* manner of fighting; hereby intimating that he was ſecure for the centre, becauſe that poſt was defended by two perſons both accompliſhed in that part of war, which was moſt neceſſary for the ſervice they were engaged in; the two expreſſions before mentioned peculiarly ſignifying a *firm* and *ſteady* way of fighting, moſt uſeful in maintaining a poſt.

These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battels, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The rising combate sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:

Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.
  Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The ſire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd Trojan tow'rs;
While Neptune riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train,
God's of one ſource, of one etherial race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
But Jove the greateſt; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and diſcord's adamantine chain;

℣. 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the conduct of Homer in every battel he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumſtances that diſtinguiſh each. In this view therefore we ought to remember, through this whole book, that the battel, deſcribed in it, is a fixed cloſe fight, wherein the armies engage in a groſs compact body, without any ſkirmiſhes, or feats of activity, ſo often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the Grecians form a phalanx, ℣. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, ℣. 1006.

Indiſſolubly ſtrong, the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and cloſe-compell'd they die.

The chief weapon made uſe of is a ſpear, being moſt proper for this manner of combat; nor do we ſee any other uſe of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded, as in the inſtance of Harpalion and Deiphobus.

From hence we may obſerve with what judgment and propriety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on this occaſion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and ſomewhat ſtiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as Homer expreſly ſays in the 512th verſe of the preſent book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
Οὔτ' ἄρ ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος, οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

See the tranſlation, ver. 648, *etc.*

ỳ. 452. *In war and diſcord's adamantine chain.*] This ſhort but comprehenſive allegory, is very proper to give us an idea of the preſent condition of the two contending armies, who being both powerfully ſuſtained by the aſſiſtance of ſuperior deities, join and mix together in a cloſe and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either ſide. To image to us this ſtate of things, the poet repreſents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies cloſe bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two gods draw the extremities, whereby the encloſed armies are compelled together, without any poſſibility on either ſide to ſeparate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once ſo exact and ſo bold. Madam Dacier acknowleges, that deſpairing to made this paſſage ſhine in her language, ſhe purpoſely omitted it in her tranſlation: but from what ſhe ſays

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he ſought, with boaſts of pow'r,
And promis'd conqueſt was the profer'd dow'r.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead:
And thus, he cries, Behold thy promiſe ſped!

in her annotations, it ſeems that ſhe did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. Hobbes too was not very ſenſible of it, when he tranſlated it ſo oddly,

And thus the ſaw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many ſlain on one ſide and the other.

℣. 471. *The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;*
And thus, he cries, ——]

It ſeems, ſays Euſtathius on this place, that the Iliad being an heroic poem, is of too ſerious a nature to admit of raillery; yet Homer has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For

this piece of raillery is ſo far from raiſing laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the character of Idomeneus, who notwithſtanding he is in the midſt of imminent dangers, preſerves his uſual gaiety of temper, which is the greateſt evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confeſs I am of an opinion very different from this of Euſtathius, which is alſo adopted by M. Dacier. So ſevere and bloody an irony to a dying perſon is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or if it ſhould, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is repreſented a brave man, nay, a man of a compaſſionate nature, in the circumſtance he was introduced in, of aſſiſting a wounded ſoldier. What provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inſeparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwered, that theſe were not the manners of Homer's time, a ſpirit of violence and devaſtation then reigned, even among the choſen people of God, as may be ſeen from the actions of Joſhua, *etc*. However, if one would forgive the cruelty, one cannot forgive the gaiety on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman jeſts the poet was ſo far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general ſerious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a ſuſpicion, that (whatever we ſee of his ſuperior genius in other reſpects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think, indeed, the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this author, is that ſpirit of cruelty which appears too manifeſtly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in theſe licences, and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms and

Such is thy help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!

inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the ſecond book, though barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for as intended to raiſe a character of horror, and render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer ſtains his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of Aſcanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolences with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

—— I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis!
Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas: that ſhort one to Mezentius is the leaſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant.

—— Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa
Effera vis animi?

The worſt-natured one I remember, which yet is more excuſable than Homer's, is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the 12th book.

En, agros, et quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens; haec praemia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt; ſic moenia condunt.

ỽ. 474. *And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king,* etc.] It was but natural to raiſe a queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other paſſages in Homer, how it comes to paſs, that the heroes of different nations are ſo well ac-

Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.
Mean time, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the goary corſe away.
  This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crouded courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.

quainted with the ſtories and circumſtances of each other? Euſtathius's ſolution is no ill one, that the warriors on both ſides might learn the ſtory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the courſe of ſo long a war.

He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.

Stabb'd at the ſight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,

℣. 511. *The Cretan ſaw, and ſtooping*, etc.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner, this whole action, and every circumſtance of it, than the following lines. There is the poſture of Idomeneus upon ſeeing the lance flying toward him; the lifting the ſhield obliquely to turn it aſide; the arm diſcovered in that poſition; the form, compoſition, materials, and ornaments of the ſhield diſtinctly ſpecified; the flight of the dart over it; the ſound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that ſound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt force of the ſtroke was ſpent on the orb of it. All this in the compaſs of ſo few lines, in which every word is an image, is ſomething more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any poet.

On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade.
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, the people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended, the proud Trojan cries,
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee, though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.

Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees Alcathous in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire;
His ſpouſe Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:

He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the pond'rous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:

℣. 543. *He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy.*] Some manuſcripts, after theſe words, ἄριστος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ, inſert the three following verſes;

Πρὶν Ἀντηνορίδας τραφέμεν καὶ Πανθόου υἷας
Πριαμίδας θ' οἳ Τρωσὶ μετέπρεπον ἱπποδάμοισιν
Ἕως ἔθ' ἥβην εἶχεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κέριον ἄνθος;

which I have not tranſlated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the ſame opinion.

℣. 554. *His lab'rong heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound, The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.*] We cannot read Homer without obſerving a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of theſe wounds are painted with very ſingular circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon art and beauty. This paſſage is a maſter-piece in that way; Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a pulſe, that the motion is communicated even to the diſtant end of the ſpear, which is vibrated thereby.

Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
  Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter;
O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main;
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
  The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought;
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought,

This circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them have computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds. Lower de corde, Borellus, et alii.

Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.

℣. 578. ——*Incens'd at partial Priam*, etc.] Homer here gives the reaſon why Æneas did not fight in the foremoſt ranks. It was againſt his inclination that he ſerved Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to aſſiſt his country, than by any diſpoſition to aid that prince. This paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the antients have preſerved to us a tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay that Æneas became ſuſpected by Priam, on account of an oracle which propheſied he ſhould, in proceſs of time, rule over the Trojans. The king therefore ſhewed him no great degree of eſteem or conſideration, with deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the people. Euſtathius. This envy of Priam, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by Achilles to Æneas in the 20th book.

——ἦ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἴκεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
Οὔτοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει.
Εἰσὶ γάρ οἱ παῖδες. ——

(See verſe 216, etc. of the tranſlation.) And Neptune in the ſame book,

Ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

In the tranſlation, verſe 355, etc.

I ſhall conclude this note with the character of Æneas, as it is drawn by Philoſtratus, wherein he makes mention of the ſame tradition. "Æneas, ſays this author, "was inferior to Hector in battel only, in all elſe "equal, and in prudence ſuperior. He was like- "wiſe ſkilful in whatever related to the gods, and

To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,

" conscious of what destiny had reserved for him after the taking of Troy. Incapable of fear, never discomposed, and particularly possessing himself in the article of danger. Hector is reported to have been called the hand, and Æneas the head of the Trojans; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than the former by his fury. These two heroes were much of the same age, and the same stature: the air of Æneas had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same time more fixed and constant." Philostrat. Heroic.

His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage.
So ſtood Idomeneus, his jav'lin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.

He ſpoke, and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;

℣. 621. *Like Ida's flocks*, etc.] Homer, whether he treats of the cuſtoms of men or beaſts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When ſheep leave the paſture and drink freely, it is a certain ſign, that they have found good paſturage, and that they are all ſound; it is therefore upon this account, that Homer ſays the ſhepherd rejoices. Homer, we find, well underſtood

Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
  Round dead Alcathous now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.

what Ariſtotle many ages after him remarked, *viz.* that ſheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon, why ſhepherds are accuſtomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of ſalt every five days in the ſummer, that they may, by this means, drink the more freely. Euſtathius.

Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhow'r of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags from off the field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.

℣. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occaſion of this hatred; but ſince his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deiphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the antient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for after the death of Paris, they tell us ſhe was eſpouſed to Deiphobus. Euſtathius.

Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'ling, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combate gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car
Rapt from the leſs'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:

Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,

Lay panting. Thus an oxe, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his lab'ring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deipyrus in duſt was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize,
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!

℣. 720. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,*
Lay panting. ———] The original is,

——— ὃδ' ἑσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ
Ἤσπαιρ' ———

The verſification repreſents the ſhort broken pantings of the dying warrior, in the ſhort ſudden break at the ſecond ſyllable of the ſecond line. And this beauty is, as it happens, preciſely copied in the Engliſh. It is not often that a tranſlator can do this juſtice to Homer, but he muſt be content to imitate theſe graces and proprieties at more diſtance, by endeavouring at ſomething parallel, though not the ſame.

℣. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of king was not anciently confined to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign dignity, but applied alſo to others. There was in the iſland of Cyprus a whole order of officers called kings, whoſe buſineſs it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the iſland, and to regulate affairs accordingly. Euſtathius.

With raging grief great Menelaus burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.

℣. 739. *As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be ſhocked at the frequency of theſe ſimiles taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeneſs had raiſed the eſteem of arts ſubſervient to luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of perſons of the greateſt eſteem and diſtinction: we ſee, in ſacred hiſtory, princes buſy at ſheep-ſhearing; and in the time of the Roman common-wealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that alluſions and compariſons of this kind are frequently uſed by antient heroic writers, as well to raiſe, as illuſtrate their deſcriptions. But ſince theſe arts are fallen from their antient dignity, and become the drudgery of the loweſt people, the images of them are likewiſe ſunk into meanneſs, and without this conſideration muſt appear to common readers unworthy to have place in epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to ſuch taſtes, that Chapman omitted this ſimile in his tranſlation.

Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear sollicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

℣. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,*
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.]
The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋςρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the commentators, antient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: the word σφενδόνη properly signifying a *sling*; which (as Eustathius observes from an old scholiast) was antiently made of wooden strings. Chapman alone dissents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are no where mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφενδόνη a *scarf*, by no other authority but that he says, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a sling;* and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that *his squire might carry his scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress.* But for the use he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to have a *scarf*, and obliged to

Behold! Piſander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus! to enhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came,
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like light'ning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left-arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;

mention *wool*, we are left entirely at a loſs to know from whence he got the latter.

A like paſſage recurs near the end of this book, where the poet ſays the Locrians went to war without ſhield or ſpear, only armed,

Τόξοισι καὶ ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ. ver. 716.

Which laſt expreſſion, as all the commentators agree, ſignifies a *ſling*, though the word σφενδόνη is not uſed. Chapman here likewiſe without any colour of authority, diſſents from the common opinion; but very inconſtant in his errors, varies his miſtake, and aſſures us, *this expreſſion is the true paraphraſis of a light kind of armour, called a* jack, *which all our archers uſed to ſerve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool.*

ỳ. 766. *The cover'd pole-axe.*] Homer never aſcribes this weapon to any but the Barbarians, for the battle-axe was not uſed in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the Amazons. Euſtathius.

(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep through his front the weighty faulchion fell.
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud exulting, ſaid.

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war?

ỳ. 779. *The ſpeech of Menelaus.*] This ſpeech of Menelaus over his dying enemy, is very different from thoſe with which Homer frequently makes his heroes inſult the vanquiſhed, and anſwers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no inſulting taunts, no cruel ſarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a recapitulation of them. Theſe reproaches come moſt juſtly from this prince, as being the only perſon among the Greeks who had received any perſonal injury from the Trojans. The apoſtrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occaſion to cenſure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the gods with injuſtice: but ſince, in the former part of this ſpeech, it is expreſly ſaid, that Jupiter will certainly puniſh the Trojans by the

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rap'd tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame;
Crimes heap'd on crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the feats of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe?
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt!

deſtruction of their city for violating the laws of hoſpitality, the latter part ought only to be conſidered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious ſuffering mind, grieved at the flouriſhing condition of proſperous wickedneſs, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, chap. 12. ver. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked proſper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherouſly?*

Nothing can more fully repreſent the cruelty and injuſtice of the Trojans, than the obſervation with which Menelaus finiſhes their character, by ſaying, that they have a more ſtrong, conſtant, and inſatiable appetite after bloodſhed and rapine, than others have to ſatisfy the moſt agreeable pleaſures and natural deſires.

The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.

℣. 795. *The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy.*] Theſe words comprehend a very natural ſentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful folly of men. They are ſoon wearied with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the moſt toilſome things in the world, when injuſt and criminal. Euſtathius. Dacier.

℣. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called *ἀμύμων, the blameleſs dance;* to diſtinguiſh, ſays Euſtathius, what ſort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practiſed among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Caſtor and Pollux; the other diſhoneſt, of which Pan, or Bacchus, was the author. They were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the tragic, and the comic or ſatyric dance. But thoſe which probably our author commends were certain military dances uſed by the greateſt heroes. One of this ſort was known to the Macedonians and Perſians, practiſed by Antiochus the great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in complete armour, called the Pyrrhic, from Pyrrhicus the Spartan its inventor, which continued in faſhion among the Lacedaemonians. Scaliger the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in uſe even among the ancients; however it ſeems that labour could not diſcourage this bold critic from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the preſence of the emperor Maximilian and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raiſed their

This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylaemenes ſlew.
Harpalion had through Aſia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends;
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.

admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they deſired to ſee more than once ſo extraordinary a ſpectacle, as we have it in his own words. Poetices, lib. 1. cap. 18. *Hanc ſaltationem [Pyrrhicam] nos et ſaepe, et diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniae, repraeſentavimus.*

ỷ. 819. *Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of Euſtathius's opinion, that this ſimile was deſigned to debaſe the character of Harpalion, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful view, as one

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,

who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetic, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses which Eustathius alleges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

Ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων
Πάντοσε παπταίνων;

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in Homer; the same words are applied to Deiphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the 16th, ẏ. 817. of the Greek. The same thing, in other words, is said even of the great Ajax, Iliad. 15. ẏ. 728. And we have Ulysses described in the 4th, ẏ. 497. with the same circumspection and fear of the darts: though none of those warriors have the same reason as Harpalion for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

ẏ. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen, in the 5th Iliad, the death of Pylaemenes, general of the Paphlagonians: how comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? Eustathius informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some critics, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus not satisfied with this, as indeed he had little reason to be, changed the name Pylaemenes into Ky-

And unavailing tears profufely fhed,
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
  Paris from far the moving fight beheld,
With pity foften'd, and with fury fwell'd:
His honour'd hoft, a youth of matchlefs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ftrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his feat in Corinth's ftately town;
Polydus' fon, a feer of old renown.
Oft' had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or flow difeafe at home:
He clim'd his veffel, prodigal of breath,
And chofe the certain, glorious path to death.

Iaemenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the fame name; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, and three Adaftus's. And others correct the verfe by adding a negative, μετὰ δ' ὄ σφι πατὴρ κίε; *his father did not follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which laft, if not of more weight than the reft, is yet more ingenious. Euftathius. Dacier.

Nor did his valiant father, now no more,
Purfue the mournful pomp along the fhore,
No fire furviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or fprinkle the cold afhes with a tear.

℣. 840. *And chofe the certain glorious path to death.*] Thus we fee Euchenor is like Achilles, who failed to Troy, though he knew he fhould fall before it: this

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:

might ſomewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that ſpeaks a hero: therefore we find two eſſential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preſerve the ſuperiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not ſailed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life; but Euchenor had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel diſeaſe. Achilles being independent, and as a king, could have lived at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any diſgrace; but Euchenor being but a private man, muſt either have gone to the war, or been expoſed to an ignominious penalty. Euſtathius. Dacier.

ỳ. 845. *Nor knew great Hector*, etc.] Moſt part of this book being employed to deſcribe the brave reſiſtance the Greeks made on their left under Idomeneus and Meriones; the poet now ſhifts the ſcene, and returns to Hector, whom he left in the center of the army, after he had paſſed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry diſtinctly in his mind each ſcene of action, Homer is very careful in the following lines to let us know that Hector ſtill continues in the place where he had firſt paſſed the wall, at that part of it which was loweſt, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down

With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
And † he that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides;
Where late in flight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battel rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Boeotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epaean force;
But join'd repel not Hector's fiery courſe.

† Neptune.

one of its battlements on foot, *lib.* 12.) and which was neareſt the ſtation where the ſhips of Ajax were laid, becauſe that hero was probably thought a ſufficient guard for that part. As the poet is ſo very exact in deſcribing each ſcene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwiſe he will ſee nothing but confuſion in things which are in themſelves very regular and diſtinct. This obſervation is the more neceſſary, becauſe even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any ſuch miſtake, Dacier, and other interpreters, have applied to the preſent action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place deſcribed in the former book.

ỳ. 861. *Phthians.*] The Phthians are not the troops of Achilles, for theſe were called Phthiotes; but they were the troops of Proteſilaus and Philoctetes. Euſtathius.

The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias, and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controul'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that, Oileus, thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Boeotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow,

ỳ. 879. *So when two lordly bulls, etc.*] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact; there being no circumſtance of their preſent condition that is not to be found in the compariſon; and no particular in the compariſon that does not reſemble the action of the heroes. Their ſtrength and labour, their unanimity and nearneſs to each other, the difficulties they ſtruggle againſt, and the ſweat occaſioned by the ſtruggling, perfectly correſponding with the ſimile.

A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'nfold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight:
No following troops his brave associate grace,
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!

Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all conſid'ring mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon' hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain!
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon' tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

ỳ. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!]
There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achil-

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.

les. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as Polydamas, to convince so intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans stood, to say, *Achilles sees us.* "Though he abstains from the fight, he still "casts his eye on the battel; it is true, we are a brave "army, and yet keep our ground, but still Achilles "sees us, and we are not safe." This reflection makes him a god, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of the poem, where we shall see, in the 16th book, the Trojans fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by Patroclus; and in the 18th their defeat compleated by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship!

℣. 939. ——— *Hector, with a bound,*
Leap'd from his chariot ———]

Hector having in the last book alighted, and caused the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they pass the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Asius since occurring in the battel; we must necessarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else, that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the poet's memory: for in this very book, ver. 533. (of the original) we see Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again, in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battel, in his soldiers arms, to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battel.

To guard this poſt, he cry'd, thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;

——— τὸν δ' ἄρ ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
Ωκέας οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
Ἔστασαν ——— Lib 14. ver. 428.

But what puts it beyond diſpute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they firſt quitted them, is a paſſage in the beginning of the 15th book, where the Trojans being overpower'd by the Grecians, fly back over the wall and trench, 'till they came to the place where their chariots ſtood,

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες.
Lib. 15. ver. 3.

Neither Euſtathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuſe. I muſt honeſtly own my opinion, that there are ſeveral other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwiſe of the paſſage in the preſent book, concerning Pylaemenes, notwithſtanding the excuſes of the commentators which are there given. The very uſing the ſame name in different places for different perſons, confounds the reader in the ſtory, and is what certainly would be better avoided: ſo that it is to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two Pylaemenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, two Opheleſtes's, etc. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many inſtances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has obſerved, Sat. l. 5. c. 15. But the abovementioned names are proofs of that critic's being greatly miſtaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius' ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;

℣. 948. *And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.*] This ſimile is very ſhort in the original, and requires to be opened a little to diſcover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the luſtre of Hector's armour was that which furniſhed Homer with this image; it ſeems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of ſhaking which, this hero is ſo frequently painted by our author, and from thence diſtinguiſhed by the remarkable epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing image, and very much what painters call *picturesque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in Spenſer, where he repreſents the perſon of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almoſt conſumed with ſtudy.

His ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half dead.

Some low in duſt, a mournful object, lay,
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
  Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.
  Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to womankind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Aſius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate,
And great Orthryoneus ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
  When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.

℣. 965. *Ill-fated Paris.*] The reproaches which Hector here caſts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things reſembles Achilles; being (like him) unjuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obſtinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet aſks an account of thoſe who were ſlain in the attack from Paris; and though he ought to blame himſelf for their deaths, yet he ſpeaks to Paris, as if, through his cowardice, he had ſuffered theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerved if he had fought courageouſly. Euſtathius.

In other battels I deferv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedlefs, nor unknown to fame:
But fince yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,
I fcatter'd flaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you feek on yonder fhore lie flain;
Of all thofe heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the feer:
Each now difabled by a hoftile fpear.
Go then, fuccefsful, where thy foul infpires:
This heart in hand fhall fecond all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combate; ftrength is of the gods alone.
These words the hero's angry mind affuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeft rage.
Around Polydamas, diftain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ftern Orthaeus ftood,
Palmus, with Polypoetes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Afcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind fprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blafted fields the tempeft fweeps,
Then gather'd, fettles on the hoary deeps;

Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and rore;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along:
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light.
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield,
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray:
His piercing eyes through all the battel ſtray,
And while beneath his targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.

Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive ſhook.
The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample ſtride
Advanc'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled not by Troy, but heav'n.

℣. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.*] I have endeavoured in this verſe to imitate the confuſion and broken ſound of the original, which images the tumult and roring of many waters.

Κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο Θαλάσσης
Κυρτά, φαληριόωντα.——

Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city, and your god-built wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoking on the ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd ruin round.
The time ſhall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.

℣. 1037. *Clouds of friendly duſt.*] A critic might take occaſion from hence, to ſpeak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are ſuppoſed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned diſſertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it muſt be the ſummer ſeaſon, from the frequent mention made of clouds of duſt: though what he diſcovers might be full as well inferred from common ſenſe, the ſummer being the natural ſeaſon for a campaign. However he ſhould quote all theſe paſſages at large; and adding to the article of duſt as much as he can find of the ſweat of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own ſatisfaction. It would look well to obſerve farther, that the fields are deſcribed flowery, Iliad 2. ver. 546. that the branches of a tamariſk-tree are flouriſhing, Iliad 10. ver. 537. that the warriors ſometimes waſh themſelves in the ſea, Iliad 10. ver. 674. and ſometimes refreſh themſelves by cool breezes from the ſea, Iliad 11. ver. 762. that Diomed ſleeps out of his tent on the ground, Iliad 10. ver. 170. that the flies are very buſy about the dead body of Pa-

As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs through the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide:
They ceas'd, and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.

troclus, Iliad 19. ver. 30. that Apollo covers the body of Hector with a cloud to prevent its being ſcorched, Iliad 23. All this would prove the very thing which was ſaid at firſt, that it was ſummer. He might next proceed to enquire, what preciſe critical time of ſummer? And here the mention of new-made honey in Iliad 11. ver. 771. might be of great ſervice in the inveſtigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it muſt be near the end of ſummer, honey being ſeldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book 1. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremeſt heats, which heats are not till near the autumn; the learned inquirer might hug himſelf in this diſcovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may ſee what Boſſu has done to determine the preciſe ſeaſon of the Æneid, lib. 3. ch. 12. The memory of that learned critic failed him, when he produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a paſſage in the 6th book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a ſimile. He has alſo found out a beauty in Homer, which few even of his greateſt admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the violence and fury of the Iliad he artfully adapted the heat of ſummer, but to the Odyſſey the cooler and maturer ſeaſon of autumn, to correſpond with the ſedateneſs and prudence of Ulyſſes.

From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſw'ring thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendors of the throne of Jove.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

Nestor sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands: to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence: which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him: she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT not the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrength'ning bath prepare.

NOTES.

The poet, to advance the character of Neſtor, and give us a due eſteem for his conduct and circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſollicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and iſſue of the battle: and through his long uſe and ſkill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar ſtill encreaſing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in ſuſpence, but inclines to one ſide. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 1. *But not the genial feaſt.*] At the end of the 11th book we left Neſtor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, deſcribed through the 12th and 13th books, happened while Neſtor and Machaon ſate at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, ſince there is nothing performed in thoſe two books, but what might naturally happen in the ſpace of two hours. Homer conſtantly follows the thread of his narration, and never ſuffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. Dacier.

ỳ. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The cuſtom

Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſimedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;

of women officiating to men in the bath was uſual in antient times. Examples are frequent in the Odyſſey. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneered at, than the cuſtom now uſed in France, of valets de chambres dreſſing and undreſſing the ladies.

℣. 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps.*] There are no where more finiſhed pictures of nature than thoſe which Homer draws in ſeveral of his compariſons. The beauty however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the reſemblance, having never had opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The life of this deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at ſea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: This ſtate continues till a riſing wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole compaſs of nature that can more exactly repreſent the ſtate of an irreſolute mind, wavering between two different deſigns,

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage;
To join the hoſt, or to the gen'ral haſte,
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:

ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its reſolution is at laſt determined. Every circumſtance of this compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admired, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible images proper to repreſent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch compariſons even in the beſt poets. There is one of great beauty in Virgil, upon a ſubject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety, and quick ſucceſſion of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a veſſel of water in motion.

Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat aeſtu,
Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunae,
Omnia pervolitat late loca; jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

Æn. lib. 8. ℣. 19.

℣. 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] Neſtor appears in this place a great friend to his prince; for upon deliberating whether he ſhould go through the body of the Grecian hoſt, or elſe repair to Agamemnon's tent; he deter-

Yet, as he moves, the ſight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet.
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battel ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand;

mines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now, becauſe it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in queſt of his commander, Homer has ordered it ſo, that he ſhould meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reaſon, why the wounded princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battel, anxious for its ſucceſs, and deſirous to inſpirit the ſoldiers by their preſence. The poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for in epic poetry, as well as in dramatic, no perſon ought to be introduced without ſome neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome probability, for his appearance. Euſtathius.

℣. 39. *Their ſhips at diſtance*, etc.] Homer being always careful to diſtinguiſh each ſcene of action, gives a very particular deſcription of the ſtation of the ſhips, ſhewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occaſion on the wounded heroes coming from their ſhips, which were at a diſtance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of thoſe ſhips where the wall was broken down) he tells us, that the ſhore of the bay, comprehended between the Rhaetean and Sigae-

Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length, beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor;
Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

an promontories, was not ſufficient to contain the ſhips in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the ſhore. How many of theſe lines there were, the poet does not determine. M. Dacier, without giving any reaſon for her opinion, ſays they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the ſea. But it is more than probable, that there were ſeveral intermediate lines; ſince the order in which the veſſels lay is here deſcribed by a metaphor taken from the ſteps of a ſcaling-ladder, which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to repreſent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewiſe be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the 11th book; where it is ſaid, that the voice of Diſcord ſtanding on the ſhip of Ulyſſes, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the ſtations of Achilles and Ajax, *whoſe ſhips were drawn up in the two extremities*: thoſe of Ajax were neareſt the wall (as is expreſly ſaid in the 682d verſe of the 13th book, in the original,) and thoſe of Achilles neareſt the ſea, as appears from many paſſages ſcattered through the Iliad.

It muſt be ſuppoſed that thoſe ſhips were drawn higheſt upon land, which firſt approached the ſhore; the firſt line therefore conſiſted of thoſe who firſt diſembarked, which were the ſhips of Ajax and Proteſilaus; the latter of whom ſeems mentioned in the verſe above-cited of the 13th book, only to give occaſion to ob-

Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles riſe?

ſerve this, for he was ſlain as he landed firſt of the Greeks. And accordingly we ſhall ſee in the 15th book, it is his ſhip that is firſt attacked by the Trojans, as it lay the neareſt to them.

We may likewiſe gueſs how it happens, that the ſhips of Achilles were placed neareſt to the ſea; for in the anſwer of Achilles to Ulyſſes in the 9th book, ℣. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay ſafe in the camp: ſo that his ſhips at their return did naturally lie next the ſea; which, without this conſideration, might appear a ſtation not ſo becoming this hero's courage.

℣. 47. *Neſtor's approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a perſon as Neſtor has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battel, ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the princes with amazement, when they ſaw he had left the field. Euſtathius.

Gerenian Neſtor then. So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aerial bow'r,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heav'n aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought;
In ſuch diſtreſs, if counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls incite;
Theſe gaping wounds with-hold us from the fight.
To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battel ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

℣. 81. *Ceaſe we at length*, etc.] Agamemnon either does not know what courſe to take in this diſtreſs, or only ſounds the ſentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the ſecond book, of the whole army.) He delivers himſelf after Neſtor's ſpeech, as it became a counſellor

Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run, 86
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

to do: but knowing this advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the character he assumes elsewhere, ἱδρώσει μέν τοι Τελαμών, etc. and considering that he should do no better than abandon his post, when before he had threatened the deserters with death; he reduces his counsel into the form of a proverb, disguising it as handsomly as he can under a sentence. *It is better to shun an evil*, etc. It is observable too how he has qualified the expression: he does not say, to *shun the battel*, for that had been unsoldierly; but he softens the phrase, and calls it, *to shun evil:* and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked, that this was the noblest opportunity for a general to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with most people, either out of flattery or respect, to submit to their leaders: but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one discovers his very soul, valuing all other considerations, in regard to his safety, but in the second place. He knew the men he spoke to were prudent persons, and not easy to cast themselves into a precipitate flight. He might likewise have a mind to recommend himself to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himself, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered Achilles, and by consequence thinking him the author of all their present calamities. Eustathius.

Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes,
What ſhameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?

℣. 92. *Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,*
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!]
This is a noble complement to his country and to the Grecian army, to ſhew that it was an impoſſibility for them to follow even their general in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; though the lives and ſafeties of them all were concerned in it.

℣. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway*
The banded legions of all Greece obey?]
As who ſhould ſay, that another man might indeed have uttered the ſame advice, but it could not be a perſon of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governor, but a private man; or if a governor, yet

Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou gav'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue,
Thy ſhips firſt flying with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.

Thy juſt reproofs, Atrides calm replies,
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coaſt.
Glad, I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young, or old,
Ought, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man.

one who had not a well-diſciplined and obedient army; or laſtly, if he had an army ſo conditioned, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous a one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful ſtrength. Euſtathius.

℣. 118. —— *Whoe'er, or young, or old,* etc.] This nearly reſembles an antient cuſtom at Athens, where, in times of trouble and diſtreſs, every one, of what age or quality ſoever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the public cryer. Euſtathius.

℣. 120.] This ſpeech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an anſwer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real ſervice in their preſent exigency: however, ſince he ventures

Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young though he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt, his race of glory run,
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold ſons was gen'rous Prothous bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my ſire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſt to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;

to adviſe where Ulyſſes is at a loſs, and Neſtor himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and deſcent, hoping thence to add to his counſel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this hiſtorical digreſſion ſeems more out of ſeaſon than any of the ſame kind which we ſo frequently meet with in Homer, ſince his birth and parentage muſt have been ſufficiently known to all at the ſiege, as he here tells them. This muſt be owned a defect not altogether to be excuſed in the poet, but which may receive ſome alleviation, if conſidered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a ſtrong inclination to genealogical ſtories, and too frequently takes occaſion to gratify this humour.

℣. 135. *He paſt to Argos.*] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*,

The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Though sore of battel, though with wounds opprest,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.

without mentioning the cause and occasion of his retreat. What immediately follows *(so Jove ordained)* does not only contain in it a disguise of his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion. Eustathius.

ỳ. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the rest.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the poet has brought these four kings, and no more, towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For Nestor proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their security. Agamemnon attempts to discover that method. Ulysses refutes him, as one whose method was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. Diomed supplies that deficiency, and shews what must be done; That, wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest. Eustathius.

But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile jav'lin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: The liſt'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of Ocean, to inflame their rage,
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke.
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee: O'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.

Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And grizly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
  Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;

ꝟ. 179. The ſtory of Jupiter and Juno.] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid aſleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and abſurdity. It is an obſervation of Monſ. de St. Evremond, upon the antient poets, which every one will agree to: " That it is ſurprizing " enough to find them ſo ſcrupulous to preſerve proba- " bility, in actions purely human; and ſo ready to vi- " olate it in repreſenting the actions of the gods. Even " thoſe who have ſpoken more ſagely than the reſt, " of their nature, could not forbear to ſpeak extrava- " gantly of their conduct. When they eſtabliſh their " being and their attributes, they make them immor- " tal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wiſe, and perfectly " good: but the moment they repreſent them acting, " there is no weakneſs to which they do not make " them ſtoop, and no folly or wickedneſs they do not " make them commit." The ſame author anſwers this in another place by remarking, " That truth was not " the inclination of the firſt ages: a fooliſh lye, or a " lucky falſhood gave reputation to impoſtors, and " pleaſure to the credulous. It was the whole ſecret " of the great and the wiſe, to govern the ſimple and " ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound re- " verence to myſterious errors, would have deſpiſed plain " truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to de- " ceive them. All the diſcourſes of the antients were " fitted to ſo advantageous a deſign. There was no- " thing to be ſeen but fictions, allegories, and ſimili- " tudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itſelf."

I muſt needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.

excuse for it Homer might have from antient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of Jupiter's being laid asleep, appears from the story of Hercules at Coos, referred to by our author, ver. 285. There is also a passage in Diodorus, lib. 1. c. 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that Homer travelled into Ægypt, he alleges this passage of the interview of Jupiter and Juno, which he says was grounded upon an Ægyptian festival, *whereon the nuptial ceremonies of these two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the antient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of Venus and Adonis are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in Ægypt as in several nations of Greece and Asia: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several antient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions. If the truth of this observation of Diodorus be admitted, the present passage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies,

But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.

there may be probably in Homer many incidents intirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reſerved in our cenſures, leſt what we decry as wrong in the poet, ſhould prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with groſſneſs in general, purely from the groſs or abſurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourſe to allegory, which ſoftens and reconciles every thing, it may be imagined, that, by the congreſs of Jupiter and Juno, is meant the mingling of the aether and the air, which are generally ſaid to be ſignified by theſe two deities. The antients believed the aether to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cauſe of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly correſponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congreſs. Virgil has ſome lines in the ſecond Georgic, that ſeem a perfect explanation of the fable into this ſenſe. In deſcribing the ſpring, he hints as if ſomething of a vivifying influence was at that time ſpread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls Jupiter expreſly Æther, and repreſents him operating upon his ſpouſe for the production of all things.

Tum pater omnipotens foecundis imbribus aether
Conjugis in gremio laetae deſcendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.
Parturit omnis ager, etc.

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philoſophical view, it is one of the moſt beautiful pieces that ever was produced by poetry. Neither does it want its

Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
'The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;'
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs, and beauty's pleaſing cares:

moral: an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleaſed to take any occaſion of quoting) has given it us in theſe words.

"This paſſage of Homer may ſuggeſt abundance of "inſtruction to a woman who has a mind to preſerve "or recall the affection of her huſband. The care of "her perſon and dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the Ceſtus, are ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in "every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no "farther explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowlege of "others, is taught in the pretended viſit to Tethys, "in the ſpeech where Juno addreſſes herſelf to Venus; "as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's "charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the "Ceſtus in her boſom. I ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives, who are never well "dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living "than their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, "who, to avoid the appearance of being over fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, "ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language."

℣. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs*, etc.] This paſſage may be of conſideration to the ladies, and,

With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold;
Self-clos'd behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhow'rs:

for their ſakes, I take a little pains to obſerve upon it. Homer tells us that the very goddeſſes, who are all over charms, never dreſs in ſight of any one: the queen of heaven adorns herſelf in private, and the doors lock after her. In Homer there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no gods are admitted to the toilette.

I am afraid there are ſome earthly goddeſſes of leſs prudence, who have loſt much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius, a very good judge in gallantry, preſcribes, as a cure to a deſperate lover, the frequent ſight of his miſtreſs undreſſed. Juno herſelf has ſuffered a little by the very muſes peeping into her chamber, ſince ſome nice critics are ſhocked in this place of Homer, to find that the goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome idea as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

ỳ. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of antient Coſmetics, though intirely diſuſed in the modern arts of dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the niceneſs of modern ladies; but ſuch of them as paint, ought to conſider, that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanlineſs. This paſſage is a clear inſtance of the antiquity of this cuſtom, and clearly determines againſt Pliny, who is of opinion that it was not ſo antient as thoſe times, where, ſpeaking of perfumed unguents, he ſays, *Quis primus invenerit, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. 13. c. 1. Beſides the cuſtom of anoint-

The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heav'n, through earth, and all th' aerial way:
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets 201
The ſenſe of gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

ing kings among the Jews, which the Chriſtians have borrowed, there are ſeveral alluſions in the old teſtament, which ſhew that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Pſalmiſt, ſpeaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a chearful countenance. It ſeems moſt probable that this was an eaſtern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Aſiatics, among whom the moſt proper ingredients for theſe unguents were produced; from them this cuſtom was propagated among the Romans, by whom it was eſteemed a pleaſure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to ſee inſtances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be ſatisfied in the three firſt chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's natural hiſtory.

ℽ. 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n,* etc.] We have here a complete picture from head to foot of the dreſs of the fair ſex, and of the mode between two and three thouſand years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great ſimplicity of Juno's dreſs, in compariſon with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilette? The goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt occaſion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to caſt over them, a mantle to dreſs her whole body, her pendants, and her ſandals. This the poet expreſly ſays was *all her dreſs,* [πάντα κόσμον;] and one may reaſonably conclude, it was all that was uſed by the greateſt princeſſes and fineſt beauties of thoſe times. The good Euſtathius is raviſhed to find, that here are

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.

no waſhes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of theſe artificial embelliſhments ſince in practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that Juno has no looking-glaſs, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomſday on this ſubject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ſtick one pin the leſs in her gown, except ſhe can be convinced that the antient dreſs will better ſet off her perſon.

As the Aſiatics always ſurpaſſed the Grecians in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, ſo we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dreſs. There is a paſſage in Iſaiah, chap. iii. that gives us a particular of their wardrobe, with the number and uſeleſſneſs of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contraſt to this of Homer. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and noſe-jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

I could be glad to aſk the ladies which they ſhould like beſt to imitate, the Greeks or the Aſiatics? I would deſire thoſe that are handſome and well-made, to conſider, that the dreſs of Juno (which is the ſame they ſee in ſtatues) has manifeſtly the advantage of the preſent, in diſplaying whatever is beautiful: that the charms of the neck and breaſt are not leſs laid open, than by the modern ſtays; and that thoſe of the leg are more gracefully diſcovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the arms is better obſerved; and that ſeveral natural graces of the ſhape and body ap-

Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,

pear much more conſpicuous. It is not to be denied but the Aſiatic and our preſent modes were better contrived to conceal ſome people's defects, but I do not ſpeak to ſuch people: I ſpeak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any faſhion prevail by their being ſeen in it; and who put others of their ſex under the wretched neceſſity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the reſt, let them follow the mode of Judaea, and be content with the name of Aſiatics.

℣. 216. *Thus iſſuing radiant*, etc.] Thus the goddeſs comes from her apartment, againſt her ſpouſe, in complete armour. The pleaſures of women moſtly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their perſons; for there is but one way for the weak to ſubdue the mighty, and that is by pleaſure. The poet ſhews, at the ſame time, that men of underſtanding are not maſtered without a great deal of artifice and addreſs. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another; by violence, by perſuaſion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of perſuading was as fruitleſs, after he had paſſed his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of neceſſity to turn her thoughts intirely upon craft; and by the force of plea-

Forth from the dome th' imperial goddeſs moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

ſure it is, that ſhe enſnares and manages the God. Euſtathius.

℣. 218. *And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.*] Notwithſtanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herſelf, ſhe is ſtill conſcious that neither the natural beauty of her perſon, nor the artificial one of her dreſs, will be ſufficient to work upon a huſband. She therefore has recourſe to the Ceſtus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to enflame his mind by magical inchantment; a folly which in all ages has poſſeſt her ſex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the goddeſs of love; from whom hiding her real deſign under a feigned ſtory, (another propriety in the character of the fair) ſhe obtains the valuable preſent of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the Ceſtus lies very open, though the impertinences of Euſtathius on this head are unſpeakable: in it are comprized the moſt powerful incentives to love, as well as the ſtrongeſt effects of the paſſion. The juſt admiration of this paſſage has been always ſo great and univerſal, that the Ceſtus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which, in a few words, comprehend this agreeable fiction, can ſcarce be equalled: ſo beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may obſerve a few additional figures, expreſſing ſome of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair ſex, have introduced into the art of love ſince Homer's days. Taſſo has finely imitated this deſcription in the magical girdle of Armida. Gieruſalemme Liberata. Cant. 16.

Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorriſi, ſparrolette, e dolci ſtille
Di pianto, e ſoſpir tronchi, e molli baci.

How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrifes celeſtial minds divide?

Monſieur de la Motte's imitation of this fiction is likewiſe wonderfully beautiful.

Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole, et la cauſe à la fois,
Du pouvoir de l' amour, du charme de ſes loix.
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;
D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
Paſſionne la voix, en adoucit les ſons,
Prete ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons;
Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagemes,
Ces refus attirans, l' ecueil des ſages memes.
Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
Tont ce qui perſuade, et ce qui fait aimer.
En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, et les ris, les plaiſirs, et les jeux,
Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eſt des deux.
L'amour meme trompe, trove Junon plus belle;
Et ſon arc a la main, deja vole apres elle.

Spenſer, in his fourth book, Canto 5th, deſcribes a girdle of Venus of a very different nature; for this had the power to raiſe up looſe deſires in others, that had a wonderful faculty to ſuppreſs them in the perſon that wore it: but it had a moſt dreadful quality, to burſt aſunder whenever tied about any but a chaſte boſom. Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: Homer's Ceſtus would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but Spenſer's Ceſtus would probably deſtroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

Ah yet! will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let heav'n's dread empreſs, Cytheraea ſaid,
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me, ſaid the queen, thoſe conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents, ſacred ſource of gods!
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heav'n to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that antient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again!
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age.
She ſaid. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid:
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew,
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Haemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

℣. 255. — *And preſt the pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt*] Euſtathius takes notice, that the word *Ceſtus* is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed ſo far as to become the proper name in common uſe. This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word *Pygmy* is of the ſame nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open ſight, but Juno hides it in her boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two characters: it ſuits well with Venus to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

℣. 264. *She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,*
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.] In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine perſonage:

It does not appear whether this god of Sleep was a god of Homer's creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more antient date. The poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly tranſactions. Be this as it will, ſucceeding poets have always acknowleged his title. Virgil would not let his Æneid be without a perſon ſo proper for poetical machinery; though he has employed him with much leſs art than his maſter, ſince he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commiſſion, only to deſtroy the Trojan pilot. The critics, who cannot ſee all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in Homer's divinities, muſt be obliged to acknowlege the reality and propriety of this; ſince every thing that is here ſaid of this imaginary deity is juſtly applicable to ſleep. He is called the *brother of Death*; ſaid to be protected by Night; and is employed very naturally to lull a huſband to reſt in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this conjugal opiate, even the modeſt Virgil has remarked in the perſons of Vulcan and Venus, probably with an eye to this paſſage of Homer:

——— Placidumque petivit
Conjugis infuſus gremio per membra ſoporem.

ỷ. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reaſon why Juno ſeeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out that Lemnos antiently abounded with wine, inform us it was a proper place of reſidence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of ſleep. Others will have it, that this god being in love with Paſithae, who reſided with her ſiſter the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his miſtreſs. Other commentators perceiving the weakneſs of theſe conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not deſign this

Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;

fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of Ariosto, who makes the angel find Discord in a monastery. Or like that of Boileau in his Lutrin, where he places Molesse in a dormitory of the monks of St. Bernard.

℣. 266. *Sweet pleasing Sleep,* etc.] Virgil has copied some part of this conversation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the same goddess making a request to Æolus. Scaliger, who is always eager to depreciate Homer, and zealous to praise his favourite author, has highly censured this passage: but notwithstanding this critic's judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, Juno endeavours to engage Sleep in her design by the promises of a proper and valuable present; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the goddess, knowing his passion for one of the Graces, engages to give her to his desires: this hope brings the lover to consent, but not before he obliges Juno to confirm her promise by an oath in the most solemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical circumstances, most whereof are untouched by Virgil, and which Scaliger therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes Juno demand a favour from Æolus, which he had no reason to refuse; and promise him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The Latin poet has indeed, with great judgment, added one circumstance concerning the promise of children,

——— *et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O pow'r of ſlumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
 Imperial dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.

And this is very conformable to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was ſuppoſed to preſide over human birth; but it does not appear ſhe had any ſuch office in the Greek theology.

℣. 272. *A ſplendid footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed that an eaſy chair was no improper preſent for Sleep. As to the footſtool, Madam Dacier's obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial idea. It was upon that account we find it ſo frequently mentioned in ſcripture, where the earth is called *the footſtool of the throne of God.* In Jeremiah, Judaea is called, as a mark of diſtinction, *the footſtool of the feet of God*, Lam. ii. 1. *And he remembered not the footſtool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We ſee here the ſame image, founded, no doubt, upon the ſame cuſtoms. Dacier.

℣. 279. *The ſire of all, old Ocean.*] "Homer, ſays "Plutarch, calls the ſea *father of all*, with a view

But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep,
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, Alcides, plow'd the main:

" to this doctrine, that all things were generated from " water. Thales the Mileſian, the head of the Ionic " ſect, who ſeems to have been the firſt author of phi- " loſophy, affirmed water to be the principle from " whence all things ſpring, and into which all things " are reſolved; becauſe the prolific ſeed of all animals " is a moiſture; all plants are nouriſhed by moiſture; " the very ſun and ſtars, which are fire, are nouriſhed " by moiſt vapours and exhalations; and conſequent- " ly he thought the world was produced from this ele- " ment." Plut. Opin. of Philoſ. lib. 1. c. 3.

℣. 281. *But how, unbidden,* etc.] This particularly is worth remarking; Sleep tells Juno that he dares not approach Jupiter without his own order; whereby he ſeems to intimate, that a ſpirit of a ſuperior kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary ceſſation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakneſs or neceſſity of its nature.

℣. 285. *What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,* etc.] One may obſerve from hence, that to make falſity in fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the ſtory to reſemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and ſurmounted them. So did Hercules, ſo did Juno, ſo did Pluto. Here therefore the poet feigning that Sleep is going to practiſe inſidiouſly upon Jove, prevents the ſtrangeneſs and incredibility of the tale, by ſquaring it to an antient ſtory; which antient

When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts rore,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore:
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

ſtory was, that Sleep had once before got the maſtery of Jove in the caſe of Hercules. Euſtathius.

℣. 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is repreſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to Night; the poet, ſays Euſtathius, inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable perſons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an anceſtor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that Night and Chaos were before all things. Wherefore it was held ſacred to obey the Night in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax in the 7th Iliad.

Milton has made a fine uſe of this antient opinion in relation to Chaos and Night, in the latter part of his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the paſſage of Satan through their empire. He calls them,

——— *Eldeſt Night*
And Chaos, anceſtors of nature; ———

And alludes to the ſame, in thoſe noble verſes,

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithae the divine.

Swear then, he ſaid, by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
Let the great parent earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.

——— *Behold the throne*
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sate ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things
The conſort of his reign. ———

That fine apoſtrophe of Spenſer has alſo the ſame alluſion, book 1.

O thou, moſt antient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of gods celeſtial;
Which was begot in Daemogorgon's hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world unmade.

℣. 307. *Let the great parent earth one hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main, etc.]
There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by Sleep to Juno. How anſwerable is this idea to the dignity of the queen of the goddeſſes, where earth, ocean, and hell itſelf, where the

Call the black Titans that with Chronos dwell,
To hear, and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithae the divine.
  The queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
  Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos' ſmoaky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil,
Through air unſeen involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide,
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod.

whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are called to be witneſſes of the oath of the deity?

ỳ. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd one,* etc.] Sleep is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover fired with theſe hopes, inſiſts on the promiſe, dwelling with pleaſure on each circumſtance that relates to his fair-one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head.

ỳ. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppoſed, at the approach or preſence of any heav'nly being, that upon their motion all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath them. Here the poet, giving a deſcription of the deſcent of theſe deities upon the ground at Lectos, ſays, that the loftieſt of the wood trembled under their feet:

There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighb'ring ſkies,
Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sate Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of night.

which expreſſion is to intimate the lightneſs and the ſwiftneſs of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not ſhake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 328. —*In likeneſs of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the ſize of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reaſon why Homer deſcribes Sleep under its form. Here, ſays Euſtathius, Homer let us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no ſtranger to the language of the gods. Hobbes has taken very much from the dignity of this ſuppoſition, in tranſlating the preſent lines in this manner.

And there ſat Sleep, in likeneſs of a fowl,
Which gods do Chalcis call, and men an owl.

We find in Plato's Cratylus a diſcourſe of great ſubtilty, grounded chiefly on this obſervation of Homer, that the gods and men call the ſame thing by different names. The philoſopher ſuppoſes, that in the original language every thing was expreſſed by a word; whoſe ſound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing ſignified. This great work he aſcribes to the gods, ſince it required more knowlege both in the nature of ſounds and things, than man had attained to. This reſemblance, he ſays, was almoſt loſt in modern languages by the unſkilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he obſerves there were yet among the Greeks ſome remains of this original language, of which he gives a few inſtances, adding, that many more were to be found in ſome of the barbarous languages,

(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
 To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke.
 Why comes my goddeſs from th' aetherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
 Then ſhe —— I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtriſe, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this antient pair in peace.

that had deviated leſs from the original, which was ſtill preſerved entire among the gods. This appears a notion ſo uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

ℽ. 345. —— *To whoſe indulgent cares*
I owe the nurſing, etc.]
The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is conſtantly underſtood to be the air: and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by the vapours which riſe from the Ocean and the Earth. For Tethys is the ſame with Rhea. Euſtathius.

The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: Of thy ſuperior pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that, ſaid Jove, ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.
Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe Perithous like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danae felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.

ỳ. 359.] This courtſhip of Jupiter to Juno may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his paſſion to her, by the inſtances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himſelf to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with reſpect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the ſex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a moſt virtuous one like Juno, eſpecially one who, like her, has had the experience of a married ſtate.

Not thus I burn'd from either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the goddeſs with the charming eyes
Flows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal ſight;
Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love, and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
Nor God, nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold,
Not ev'n the ſun, who darts through heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.

Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

ỳ. 395. *Glad earth perceives*, etc.] It is an obſervation of Ariſtotle, in the 25th chapter of his Poetics, that when Homer is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd, or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with ſome ſhining deſcription. This paſſage is a remarkable inſtance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great abſurdity, that the ſupreme being ſhould be laid aſleep in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were, to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldneſs, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by deſcribing the various flowers the earth ſhoots up to compoſe their couch, the golden clouds that encompaſſed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were ſhowered round them. Euſtathius obſerves it as an inſtance of Homer's modeſt conduct in ſo delicate an affair, that he has purpoſely adorned the bed of Jupiter with ſuch a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe ornaments, might have no room for looſe imaginations. In the ſame manner an antient ſcholiaſt has obſerved, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther inquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes on this ſtory of Jupiter and Juno, without obſerving with what particular care Milton has imitated the ſeveral beautiful parts of this epiſode, introducing them upon different occaſions as the ſubjects of his poem would admit. The circumſtance of Sleep's ſitting in likeneſs of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount Ida, is alluded to in his 4th book, where Satan ſits in likeneſs of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the ſame tokens of joy at

Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
And clust'ring Lotos swell'd the rising bed,

the performance of the nuptial rites of our first parents, as she does here at the congress of Jupiter and Juno. l. 8.

——— To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn, all heav'n
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Those likes also in the 4th book are manifestly from the same original.

——— Roses and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic, underfoot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground. ———

Where the very turn of Homer's verses is observed, and the cadence, and almost the words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment: that which seems in Homer an impious fiction, becomes a moral lesson in Milton; since he makes that lascivous rage of the passion the immediate effect of the sin of our first parents after the fall. Adam expresses it in the words of Jupiter.

For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so enflame my sense,

And ſudden Hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy Crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambroſia round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
  Now to the navy born on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the god.
  Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:

With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever: bounty of this virtuous tree!
  So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her, nothing lothe: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal;
The ſolace of their ſin: till dewy Sleep
Oppreſs'd them, weary of their amorous play.
Milton, lib. 9.

While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes,
  Thus having ſaid, the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.

℣. 417. *The pow'r of ſlumber flew.*] M. Dacier, in her tranſlation of this paſſage has thought fit to diſſent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious ſenſe of the words. She reſtrains the general expreſſion ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous nations of men*, to ſignify only the country of the Lemnians, who, ſhe ſays, were much celebrated on account of Vulcan. But this ſtrained interpretation cannot be admitted, eſpecially when the obvious meaning of the words expreſs what is very proper and natural. The god of Sleep having haſtily delivered his meſſage to Neptune, immediately leaves the hurry of the battel, (which was no proper ſcene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticiſm, is an expletive epithet very common in Homer, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, eſpecially in an author, one of whoſe moſt diſtinguiſhing characters is particularity in deſcription.

One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay;
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.

The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſs'd with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.

℣. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.*] Plutarch ſeems to allude to this paſſage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. "Homer, ſays he, makes "the braveſt and ſtouteſt of his warriors march to battel in the beſt arms. The Grecian legiſlators puniſhed "thoſe who caſt away their ſhields, but not thoſe who "loſt their ſpears or their ſwords; as an intimation "that the care of preſerving and defending ourſelves is "preferable to the wounding our enemy, eſpecially in "thoſe who are generals of armies, or governors of "ſtates." Euſtathius has obſerved, that the poet here makes the beſt warriors take the largeſt ſhields and longeſt ſpears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offenſive and defenſive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are ſoon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed ſeems the moſt ratio-

Thus sheath'd in shining brass in bright array,
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might th' earth-shaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:

nal account that can be given for Neptune's advice in this exigence.

Mr. Hobbes has committed a great oversight in this place; he makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battel, and do not engage in the ensuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in Homer than see their orders obeyed by the rest, as to this change of arms.

ỳ. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief advantage the Greeks gain by the sleep of Jupiter, seems to be this: Neptune unwilling to offend Jupiter has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes; so that it does not appear that Jupiter knew of his being among the Greeks, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the Greeks otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what Juno had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity, inspiring courage into the Grecian chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck such a terror into the Trojans, that as Homer says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the Trojans, who are no longer sustained by Jupiter, immediately give way to the enemy.

And lo! the god, and wond'rons man appear:
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watry wall
Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean rores.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;

℣. 451. *And lo! the god, and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea! where Homer opposes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him, in some degree, to a god. Eustathius.

℣. 453. *The roring main*, etc.] This swelling inundation of the sea towards the Grecian camp, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating, that the waters had the same resentments with their commander Neptune, and seconded him in his quarrel. Eustathius.

℣. 457. *Not half so loud*, etc.] The poet having ended the episode of Jupiter and Juno, returns to the battel, where the Greeks, being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons; as if he thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding description might be lulled into a forgetfulness of the fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly Jupiter slept, since he is not awaked by so terrible an uproar.

This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objections which have been made against heaping comparisons one upon another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too great a [illegible]iety of different images. In this case the princi[illegible] image is more strongly impres-

Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour.
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;

ſed on the mind by a multiplication of ſimiles, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very vaſt: but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect: the different ſounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have ſeveral inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerved a writer as Virgil, who has joined together the images of this paſſage in the fourth Georgic, ỳ. 261. and applied them, beautifully ſoftened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive.

Frigidus ut quondam ſylvis immurmurat Auſter,
Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridet refluentibus undis,
Æſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

Taſſo has not only imitated this particular paſſage of Homer, but likewiſe added to it. Cant. 9. St. 22.

Rapido ſi che torbida procella
De cavernoſi monti eſce piu tarda:
Fiume, ch' alberi inſieme, e caſe ſvella:
Folgore, che le torri abbatta, et arda:
Terremoto, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,
Son picciole ſembianze al ſuo furore.

But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps lay'd looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings.
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.

ỳ. 480. *Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.*]

Στρόμβον δ' ὣς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, etc.

Theſe words are tranſlated by ſeveral, as if they ſignified that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatneſs of Ajax's ſtrength. Euſtathius rather inclines to refer the words to the ſtone itſelf, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he ſhould not have taken the interpretation to himſelf. He ſays, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illuſtration both of Ajax's ſtrength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving ſuch a force to the ſtone, that it could not ſpend itſelf on Hector; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of Hector, for ſtanding the blow ſo ſolidly: for without that conſideration, the ſtone could never have recoiled ſo fiercely. This image, together with the

As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seise him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky.

noble simile following it, seems to have given Spenser the hint of those sublime verses.

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart, with deadly food.
Enroll'd, of flames, and smould'ring dreariment:
Through riven clouds, and molten firmament,
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, cast up a mound of clay.
His boist'rous club so bury'd in the ground,
He could not rear again, etc.

In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groning hero to his chariot bear;
His foming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees he now ejects the gore;
Now faints a-new, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
Amidſt her flocks on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battel roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothoenor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving jav'lin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus, the victor cries, we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto' dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt:
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt.
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce ſoe he launch'd his piercing ſteel;
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death:
But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,

℣. 533. *Propt on that ſpear*, etc.] The occaſion of this ſarcaſm of Polydamas ſeems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a ſpear through his right ſhoulder. This poſture bearing ſome reſemblance to that of a man leaning on a ſtaff, might probably ſuggeſt the conceit.

The ſpeech of Polydamas begins a long ſtring of ſarcaſtic raillery, in which Euſtathius pretends to obſerve very different characters. This of Polydamas, he ſays, is pleaſant; that of Ajax, heroic; that of Acamas, plain; and that of Peneleus, pathetic.

And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring Ajax loud-inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothoenor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe;
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart——Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall.
Nor Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.

But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſticking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The goary viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we, victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies, will ye raise to fame?

ỳ. 599. *Daughters of Jove!* etc.] Whenever we meet with these fresh invocations in the midst of action, the poets would seem to give their readers to understand, that they are come to a point, where the description being above their own strength, they have occasion for supernatural assistance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the present case, Homer seems to triumph in the advantage the Greeks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the muses to snatch the the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and set them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occasion, and it is to this task they are so solemnly and frequently summoned by our author. Tasso has, I think, introduced one of these invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occasion of a battel by night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth those mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her shades, and to display their glories, notwithstanding their disadvantage, to all posterity.

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
Chiudesti, e ne l' oblio fatto si grande;
Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e'n bel sereno
A la future eta le spieghi, e mande.
Viva la fame loro, e tra lor gloria
Splenda del fosco tuo l' alta memoria.

Thou firſt, great Ajax! on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew;
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus' ſteel
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth battel, at the ships; and the acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battel, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battel, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.

Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke.

O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring ſquadrons from the field.
Can'ſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our pow'r immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,

ỷ. 17.] Adam, in Paradiſe Loſt, awakes from the embrace of Eve, in much the ſame humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumſtance is very parallel; and each of them, as ſoon as his paſſion is over, full of that reſentment natural to a ſuperior, who is impoſed upon by one of leſs worth and ſenſe than himſelf, and impoſed upon in the worſt manner, by ſhews of tenderneſs and love.

ỷ. 23. *Haſt thou forgot*, etc.] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the*

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.

air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands? "Though it is not "my deſign, ſays M. Dacier, to give a reaſon for eve-"ry ſtory in the pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail "upon myſelf to paſs over this in ſilence. The phy-"ſical allegory ſeems very apparent to me: Homer "myſteriouſly in this place explains the nature of the "air, which is Juno; the two anvils which ſhe had "at her feet are the two elements, earth and water; "and the chains of gold about her hands are the aether, "or fire which fills the ſuperior region: the two groſ-"ſer elements are called anvils, to ſhew us, that in "theſe two elements only, arts are exerciſed. I do "not know but that a moral allegory may here be "found, as well as a phyſical one; the poet, by theſe "maſſes tied to the feet of Juno, and by the chain of "gold with which her hands were bound, might ſigni-"fy, not only that domeſtic affairs ſhould like fetters "detain the wife at home; but that proper and beau-"tiful works, like chains of gold, ought to employ her "hands."

The phyſical part of this note belongs to Heraclides Ponticus, Euſtathius, and the ſcholiaſt: M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it ſeems an obſervation no leſs ſingular in a lady.

℣. 23.] Euſtathius tells us, that there were in ſome manuſcripts of Homer two verſes, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which Hen. Stephens places here.)

For god-like Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son;
When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast:
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.
  The thund'rer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And trembling these submissive words return'd.
  By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:

Πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
Κάββαλον ὄφρα πέλοιτο ϗ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By these two verses, Homer shews us, that what he says of the punishment of Juno was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an antient tradition. There had probably been some statue of Juno with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, superstitious people raised this story; so that Homer only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what Eustathius adds, that there were shewn near Troy certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses. Dacier.

℣. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.*] The epithet Homer here gives to Styx is κατειβόμενον, *subter-*

By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain;

labens, which I take to refer to its paſſage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it ſignified *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his ſixth book, writes thus. "The "Arcadians ſay, that near the city Nonacris flows the "water of Styx, and that it is a ſmall rill, which diſtil-"ling from an exceeding high rock, falls into a little "cavity or baſon, environed with a hedge." Pauſanias, who had ſeen the place, gives light to this paſſage of Herodotus. "Going from Phereus, ſays he, in the "country of the Arcadians, and drawing towards the "weſt, we find, on the left, the city of Clytorus, "and on the right that of Nonacris, and the fountain "of Styx, which, from the height of a ſhaggy pre-"cipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high "rock, and before it has traverſed this rock, flows "into the river Crathis: this water is mortal both to "man and beaſt, and therefore it is ſaid to be an infer-"nal fountain. Homer gives it a place in his poems, "and by the deſcription which he delivers, one would "think he had ſeen it." This ſhews the wonderful exactneſs of Homer, in the deſcription of places which he mentions. The gods ſwore by Styx, and this was the ſtrongeſt oath they could take; but we likewiſe find that men too ſwore by this fatal water: for Herodotus tells us, Cleomenes going to Arcadia to engage the Arcadians to follow him in a war againſt Sparta, had a deſign to aſſemble at the city Nonacris, and make them ſwear by the water of this fountain. Dacier, Euſtath. in Odyſſ.

℣. 47. *Not by my arts*, etc.] This apology is well

By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the ſire of heav'n.

Think'ſt thou with me? fair empreſs of the ſkies!
(Th' immortal father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty ſea god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattel'd plain
Command the ſea god to his wat'ry reign:
While Phoebus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.

contrived; Juno could not ſwear that ſhe had not deceived Jupiter, for this had been entirely falſe, and Homer would be far from authorizing perjury by ſo great an example. Juno, we ſee, throws part of the fault on Neptune, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 67. *Greece chas'd by Troy*, etc.] In this diſcourſe of Jupiter, the poet opens his deſign, by giving his reader a ſketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of Homer may to many appear no way

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.

artful, and ſince it is a principal article of the charge brought againſt him by ſome late French critics, it will not be improper here to look a little into this diſpute. The caſe will be beſt ſtated by tranſlating the following paſſage from Mr. de la Motte's Reflections ſur la Critique.

" I could not forbear wiſhing that Homer had an
" art, which he ſeems to have neglected, that of pre-
" paring events without making them known before-
" hand; ſo that when they happen, one might be ſur-
" prized agreeably. I could not be quite ſatisfied to
" hear Jupiter, in the middle of the Iliad, give an ex-
" act abrigement of the remainder of the action. Ma-
" dam Dacier alleges as an excuſe, that this paſt only
" between Jupiter and Juno; as if the reader was not
" let into the ſecret, and had not as much ſhare in the
" confidence.

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of
" pleaſure at the repreſentation of a tragedy which we
" have ſeen before, ſo the ſurprizes which I require are
" no way neceſſary to our entertainment. This I think
" a pure piece of ſophiſtry: one may have two ſorts of
" pleaſure at the repreſentation of a tragedy; in the
" firſt place, that of taking part in an action of import-
" ance the firſt time it paſſes before our eyes, of being
" agitated by fear and hope for the perſons one is moſt
" concerned about, and, in fine, of partaking their fe-
" licity or misfortune, as they happen to ſucceed, or
" be diſappointed.

" This therefore is the firſt pleaſure which the poet
" ſhould deſign to give his auditors, to tranſport them
" by pathetic ſurprizes which excite terror or pity.
" The ſecond pleaſure muſt proceed from a view of that
" art which the author has ſhewn in raiſing the former.
" It is true, when we have ſeen a piece already, we

What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls?
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon falls!

" have no longer that first pleasure of the surprize, at " least not in all its vivacity; but there still remains the " second, which could never have its turn, had not " the poet laboured successfully to excite the first, it " being upon that indispensible obligation that we judge " of his art.

" The art therefore consists in telling the hearer only " what is necessary to be told him, and in telling him " only as much as is requisite to the design of pleasing " him. And although we know this already when we " read it a second time, yet taste we the pleasure of that " order and conduct which the art required.

" From hence it follows, that every poem ought to " be contrived for the first impression it is to make. If " it be otherwise, it gives us (instead of two pleasures " which we expected) two sorts of disgusts; the one, " that of being cool and untouched when we should be " moved and transported; the other, that of perceiv- " ing the defect which caused that disgust.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the " Iliad. I was not interested or touched by the ad- " ventures, and I saw it was this cooling preparation " that prevented my being so.

It appears clearly that M. Dacier's defence no way excuses the poet's conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three considerations which may chance to set it in a better light. It must be owned, that a surprize artfully managed, which arises from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a romance, or well-writ tragedy. But besides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to history

Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies.

and epic poetry, which is founded on history. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary knowlege of the events described does no way damp our curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good history, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowlege of the facts described: the pleasure in this case is like that of an architect's first view of some magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an epic poem the case is of a like nature; where, as if the historical foreknowlege were not sufficient, the most judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curiosity by some small sketches of their design; which, like the out-lines of a fine picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in its finished colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our passions by surprizes, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the subject he chose to write upon, which, being a story of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the Greeks, it was not possible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark sometimes by anticipation, sometimes by recapitulations, how much of his story was founded on historical truths, and that what is superadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another consideration worth remembring on this head, to justify our author's conduct. It seems to have been an opinion in those early times, deeply rooted in most countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predestinated by a superior being. This sentiment is very frequent in

From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a god
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' Idaean ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of lands he trode before,

the moſt antient writers both ſacred and prophane, and ſeems a diſtinguiſhing character of the writings of the greateſt antiquity. *The word of the Lord was fulfilled*, is the principal obſervation in the hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; and Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή is the declared and moſt obvious moral of the Iliad. If this great moral be fit to be repreſented in poetry, what means ſo proper to make it evident, as this introducing Jupiter foretelling the events which he had decreed?

℣. 86. *As ſome way-faring man*, etc.] The diſcourſe of Jupiter to Juno being ended, ſhe aſcends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this compariſon. On other occaſions he has illuſtrated the action of the mind by ſenſible images from the motion of the bodies; here he inverts the caſe, and ſhews the great velocity of Juno's flight, by comparing it to the quickneſs of thought. No other compariſon could have equalled the ſpeed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet deſcribes a traveller who revolves in his mind the ſeveral places which he has ſeen, and in an inſtant paſſes in imagina-

Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of gods.
There ſat the pow'rs in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeyſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the Nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddeſs thus replies?
Enough thou know'ſt the tyrant of the ſkies,

tion from one diſtant part of the earth to another. Milton ſeems to have had it in his eye in that elevated paſſage:

——————— *The ſpeed of gods*
Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.

As the ſenſe in which we have explained this paſſage is exactly literal, as well as truly ſublime, one cannot but wonder what ſhould induce both Hobbes and Chapman to ramble ſo wide from it in their tranſlations.

This ſaid, went Juno to Olympus high,
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
To any diſtance quickly goes his eye:
So ſwiftly Juno went with little pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the ſubject.

But as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd journey; is diſtract, and in his vex'd mind
Reſolves now not to go, now goes, ſtill many ways inclin'd—

Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threat'ned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
  The goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt,
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sate ſtedfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds——Attend, ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:

ỷ. 102. *Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a paſſage worthy our obſervation. Homer feigns, that Themis, that is, Juſtice, preſides over the feaſts of the gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the feaſts of men. Euſtathius.

ỷ. 114. *Juno's ſpeech to the gods.*] It was no ſort of exaggeration what the antients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The preſent ſpeech of Juno is a maſter-piece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another: for while ſhe is only declaring to the gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that ſhe tells them they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the ſuperiority of his power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it, and by particularly adviſing that god to ſubmit, whoſe temper

Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey:
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden plain,
The god of battels dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:

could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that ſtroke on the death of his darling ſon. *Do thou, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the ſevereſt trial: Aſcalaphus thy ſon lies ſlain by his means: bear it with ſo much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy ſon.*

ỷ. 134. *To Fear and Flight*——] Homer does not ſay, that Mars commanded they ſhould join his horſes to his chariot, which horſes were called Fear and Flight.

Then grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But Pallas ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.

By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the thund'rer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhould Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.

Fear and Flight are not the names of the horſes of Mars, but the names of the two furies in the ſervice of this god: it appears likewiſe by other paſſages, that they were his children, book xiii. ℣. 299. This is a very antient miſtake; Euſtathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and moſt others have fallen into it.

Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he ſate, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd, Jove's orders to obey,
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
Go wait the thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fount-full Ide:
There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

ỳ. 164. *Go wait the thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and meſſages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where ſhe carries a diſpatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only ſays, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount Ida," and adds nothing of what had paſſed between herſelf and her conſort before. The reaſon of this brevity is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with Jupiter, and ſo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alſo becauſe Jupiter had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of their diſcourſe; wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does Jupiter himſelf, in what follows, reveal his decrees: for he lets Apollo only ſo far into his will, that he would have him diſcomfit and rout the Greeks: their good fortune, and the ſucceſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cauſe of Troy. One may remark in this paſſage Homer's various conduct and diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone; whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. Euſtathius.

She ſaid, and ſate: The god that gilds the day,
And various Iris wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
There ſate th' Eternal: he, whoſe nod controuls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.

Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of heav'n?

Th' Almighty ſpoke; the goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idaean height.
Swift as the rat'ling hail, or fleecy ſnows
Drive through the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddeſs calls.

Attend the mandate of the ſire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This, if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of heav'n?
What means the haughty ſov'reign of the ſkies,
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal god, nor of his train am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;

℣. 210. *Three brother deities from Saturn came,*
And antient Rhea, earth's immortal dame;
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, etc.]
Some have thought the Platonic philoſophers drew from hence the notion of their Triad (which the Chriſtian Platoniſts ſince imagined to be an obſcure hint of the Sacred Trinity.) The Trias of Plato is well known. Τὸ αὐτὸ ὄν, ὁ νοῦς ὁ δημιουργὸς, ἡ τοῦ κόσμου ψυχή. In his Gorgias he tells us, Τὸν Ὅμηρον (*autorem ſc. fuiſſe*) τῆς τῶν δημιουργικῶν Τριαδικῆς ὑποστάσεως. See Procl. in Plat. Theol. l. 1. c. 5. Lucian Philopatr. Ariſtotle de Coelo, lib. 1. c. 1. ſpeaking of the Ternarian number from Pythagoras, has theſe words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ

O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Eternal Jove extends his high domain:
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the rorings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the ſky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of heav'n.

τὸ τρὶς πάντῃ. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀριστείας τῶν θεῶν χρώμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τούτῳ. Καθάπερ γάρ φασιν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρισὶν ὥρισται. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τοῦ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which paſſage Trapezuntius endeavoured very ſeriouſly to prove, that Ariſtotle had a perfect knowlege of the Trinity. Duport (who furniſhed me with this note, and who ſeems to be ſenſible of the folly of Trapezuntius) nevertheleſs in his Gnomologia Homerica, or compariſon of our author's ſentences with thoſe of the ſcripture, has placed oppoſite to this verſe that of St. John: *There are three who give teſtimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.* I think this the ſtrongeſt inſtance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of ſuch men, whoſe too much learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de Falſ. Relig. lib. 1. cap. 11. takes this fable to be a remain of antient hiſtory, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to Jupiter the oriental part which was called heaven, as the region of light, or the ſun; to Pluto the occidental, or darker regions; and to Neptune the ſovereignty of the ſeas.

And must I then, said she, O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit, thus the god rejoin'd,
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon' proud structures level with the plain,

℣. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that she may not seem to upbraid Neptune with weakness of judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say that Jupiter is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententiously, that the Furies wait upon our elders. The Furies are said to wait upon men in a double sense: either for evil, as they did upon Orestes after he had slain his mother; or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an instance that the pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. Eustathius.

Howe'er th' offence by other gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
  Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the ſource of light.
  Behold! the god whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd!
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

℣. 252. *Elſe had our wrath*, etc.] This repreſentation of the terrors which muſt have attended the conflict of two ſuch mighty powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been mixed in confuſion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in theſe few lines with a nobleneſs ſuitable to the occaſion. Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he repreſents what muſt have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered:

———— Not only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
At leaſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid fray, etc.

Well was the crime, and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battel hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—the godhead ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phoebus ſhooting from th' Idaean brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day.
  Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far,
What grief, what wound, with-holds him from the war?

℣. 274. *Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that this is a very ſublime repreſentation of the power of Jupiter, to make Hector's pains ceaſe from the moment wherein Jupiter firſt turned his thoughts to him. Apollo finds him ſo far recovered, as to be able to ſit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of Jupiter; the god of health perfects the cure.

The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battel gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.

To him, Apollo. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the thund'rer ſends thee aid,
Behold! thy Phoebus ſhall his arms employ,
Phoebus, propitious ſtill to thee, and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.

Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;

℣. 298. *As when the pamper'd ſteed.*] This compariſon is repeated from the ſixth book, and we are told that the antient critics retained no more than the two firſt verſes and the four laſt in this place, and that they gave the verſes two marks; by the one, which was the aſteriſm, they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other, which was the obelus,

With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood:
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his host pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock, not fated yet to die,

that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader, who considers the two places, will be of the same opinion.

Tasso has improved the justness of this simile in his sixteenth book, where Rinaldo returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares to the service of the war: the reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion.

Qual feroce destrier, ch' al faticoso
Honor de l' arme vincitor sia tolto,
E lascivo marito in vil riposo
Fra gli armenti, e ne' paschi erri disciolto;
Se'l desta o suon di tromba, o luminoso
Acciar, cola tosto annitendo e volto;
Gia gia brama l' arringo, e l' huom sul dorso
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corso.

ỷ. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] Dacier has a pretty remark on this passage, that Homer extended destiny

When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,
And bold to combate in the standing fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent, he cry'd, these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?

(that is, the care of providence) even over the beasts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of Jonas, the regard of the Creator extending to the meanest rank of his creatures, is strongly expressed in those words of the Almighty, where he makes his compassion to the brute beasts one of the reasons against destroying Nineveh. *Shall I not spare the great city, in which there are more than six-score thousand persons, and also much cattle?* And what is still more parallel to this passage, in St. Matth. chap. 10. *Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And yet one of them shall not fall to the ground, without your father.*

He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand;
The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm:
Thus point your arms: and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phoebus himſelf the ruſhing battel led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field,
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock; the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;

Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phoebus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sate doubtful conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phoebus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius bleeds;

ỳ. 362. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] Apollo in this paſſage, by this mere ſhaking his Ægis, without acting offenſively, annoys and puts the Greeks into diſorder. Euſtathius thinks that ſuch a motion might poſſibly create the ſame confuſion, as hath been reported by hiſtorians to proceed from dreadful panic fears: or that it might intimate ſome dreadful confuſion in the air, and a noiſe iſſuing from thence; a notion which ſeems to be warranted by Apollo's out-cry, which preſently follows in the ſame verſe. But perhaps we need not go ſo far to account for this fiction of Homer: the ſight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an epic poem: the ſhield of prince Arthur in Spenſer works the ſame wonders with this Ægis of Apollo.

One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iaſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius! great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall,
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.

℣. 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.] Here is one that falls under the ſpear of Paris, ſmitten in the extremity of his ſhoulder as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty obſervation of Euſtathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back; ſo careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Eioneus in the beginning of lib. 6.

On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy, as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder, in this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
   Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:

℣. 396. *For by the gods, who flies,* etc.] It ſometimes happens, ſays Longinus, that a writer in ſpeaking of ſome perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuoſity and hurry of paſſion. It is this which Homer practiſes in theſe verſes; the poet ſtops his narration, forgets his own perſon, and inſtantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of this furious and tranſported hero. How muſt his diſcourſe have languiſhed, had he ſtaid to tells us, *Hector then ſaid theſe, or the like words?* Inſtead of which, by this unexpected tranſition he prevents the reader, and the tranſition is made before the poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time preſſes, and when the occaſion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to paſs from one perſon to another, as in that of Hecataeus. *The herald, extremely diſcontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the Heraclidae to withdraw.—— It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not periſh entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your ruin, depart, and ſeek a retreat among ſome other people.* Longinus, chap. 23.

The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, earth and ocean rore!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dead foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod:
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall:
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works, and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;

℣. 416. *As when aſhore an infant ſtands.*] This ſimile of the ſand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confuſed heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the compariſon here taken from ſand is the juſter, as it riſes from the very place and ſcene before us. For the wall here demoliſhed, as it was founded on the coaſt, muſt needs border on the ſand; wherefore the ſimilitude is borrowed immediately from the ſubject matter under view. Euſtathius.

Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod,
Perform the promiſe of a gracious god!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the ſage: Th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

℣. 428. *O Jove! if ever*, etc.] The form of Neſtor's prayer in this place reſembles that of Chryſes in the firſt book. And it is worth remarking, that the poet well knew what ſhame and confuſion the reminding one of paſt benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame topic Achilles talks with his mother, and Thetis herſelf accoſts Jove; and likewiſe Phoenix, where he holds a parley with Achilles. This righteous prayer hath its wiſhed accompliſhment. Euſtathius.

℣. 438. *Preſumptuous Troy miſtook the ſign.*] The thunder of Jupiter is deſigned as a mark of his acceptance of Neſtor's prayers, and a ſign of his favour to the Greeks. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the Greeks, the Trojans expound it in their own favour, as they ſeem warranted by their preſent ſucceſs. This ſelf-partiality of men in appro-

As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roring deeps in watry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roring, and o'er-pow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw.
  While thus the thunder of the battel rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſate, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms, to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the med'cine of the mind.

priating to themſelves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the ſame manner Virgil makes Turnus explain the transformation of the Trojan ſhips into nymphs as an ill omen to the Trojans.

Trojanos haec monſtra petunt, his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit. ———

Hiſtory furniſhes many inſtances of oracles, which, by reaſon of this partial interpretation, have proved an occaſion to lead men into great misfortunes: it was the caſe of Croeſus in his wars with Cyrus; and a like miſtake engaged Pyrrhus to make war upon the Romans.

℣. 448. *On the ſhips above, the cars below.*] This is a new ſort of battle, which Homer has never before mentioned; the Greeks on their ſhips, and the Trojans in their chariots, as on a plain. Euſtathius.

But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate require redreſs, he cries,
Depart I muſt: what horrors ſtrike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring god his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe in vain.
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;

ỳ. 472. *Nor could the Trojans ———————*
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.] Homer always marks diſtinctly the place of battel; he here ſhews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked the firſt line of the fleet that ſtood next the wall, or the veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the land: theſe veſſels were a ſtrong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which ſtood nearer to the ſea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt line, and defeat the troops which defended it. Euſtathius.

With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line.
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet
Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace.
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies,
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load, along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phoebus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of th' embattel'd plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;

Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe,
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe diſpoſer of the fates of men,
Imperial Jove, his preſent death withſtands.
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At his full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some god prevents our deſtin'd enterprize:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it, Ajax made reply,
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield.
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.

Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match — No more: 'tis ours to fight.
  Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins,
  This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy.
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs,
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for your country, 'tis a bliss to die.

ỳ. 582. *Death is the worst*, etc.] It is with very great address, that to the bitterness of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the antients are of opinion, that it would be as advantagious for young soldiers to read this lesson, concise as

The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
  This rouz'd the ſoul in ev'ry Trojan breaſt:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt.

it is, as all the volumes of Tyrtaeus, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen. Homer makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happineſs of a city conſiſts. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is ſubject; the ſlaughter of the men, the deſtruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity: now he reckons up the bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe calamities. To the ſlaughter of the men indeed he makes no oppoſition; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the well-being of a city, that every individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a man ſlain. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 591. *The god-like Ajax next.*] The oration of Hector is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of Ajax, and alſo more ſolemn, from his ſentiments concerning the favour and aſſiſtance of Jupiter. But that of Ajax is the more politic, fuller of management, and apter to perſuade; for it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous arguments to inſpire reſolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to which their navy was expoſed, which if once conſumed, they were never like to get home. And as the Trojans were bid to die, ſo he bids his men dare to die likewiſe; and indeed with great neceſſity, for the Trojans may recruit after the engagement, but for the Greeks, they had no

How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire!
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.
The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.

better way than to hazard their lives; and if they should gain nothing else by it, yet at least they would have a speedy dispatch, not a lingring and dilatory destruction. Eustathius.

His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor ſtooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O Phoebus! was thy care)
But Croeſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corps fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the center of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore,
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding ſhore,
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale)
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battels won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian die: in duſt below
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſu'd at his breaſt. With thund'ring ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conqu'ring Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;

The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on —— a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.

Hector, this ſaid, ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus —— Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame;
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combate lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;

The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe.
Is there, he ſaid, in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid, and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:

℣. 677. *And flank'd the navy with a brazen wall.*] The poet has built the Grecians a new ſort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might ſay, it was from this paſſage Apollo borrowed that oracle which he gave to the Athenians about their wall of wood; in like manner the Spartans were ſaid to have a wall of bones: if ſo, we muſt allow the god not a little obliged to the poet. Euſtathius.

Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tydes of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.

Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendor round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.

℣. 723. *He raiſes Hector,* etc.] This picture of Hector, impulſed by Jupiter, is a very finiſhed piece, and excells all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in ſo various attitudes. He is here repreſented as an inſtrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about thoſe deſigns the god had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompenſe his haſty death with this ſhort-liv'd glory. Accordingly, this being the laſt ſcene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes ſparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the god of war, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a ſtorm, and the deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of compariſons, raiſes the idea of the hero higher than any ſimple deſcription could reach.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
  Now all on fire for fame, his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle ev'ry prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tow'r
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his pow'r:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watry mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;

℣. 736. ——— *His fate was near*
Due to ſtern Pallas, ———]
It may be aſked, what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what power has ſhe over them? Homer ſpeaks thus, becauſe Minerva has already reſolved to ſuccour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combate between theſe two heroes, as we find in book 22. Properly ſpeaking, Pallas is nothing but the knowlege and wiſdom of Jove, and it is wiſdom which preſides over the counſels of his providence; therefore ſhe may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. Dacier.

℣. 752. *Burſts as a wave,* etc.] Longinus, obſerv-

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through ev'ry shroud:

ing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious assembling together of the great circumstances, and the strength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuses this passage of Homer as a plain instance of it. "Where, says that noble critic, in describing the terror of a tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread and horror in such a situation: he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave; nay, the very words and syllables of the description, give us an image of their peril." He shews, that a poet of less judgment would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous particulars. Thus Aratus endeavouring to refine upon that line,

And instant death on ev'ry wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A slender plank preserves them from their fate.

Which, by flourishing upon the thought, has lost the loftiness and terror of it, and is so far from improving the image, that it lessens and vanishes in his management. By confining the danger to a single line, he has scarce left the shadow of it; and indeed the word *preserves* takes away even that. The same critic produces a fragment of an old poem on the Arimaspians written in this false taste, whose author, he doubts not, imagined he had said something wonderful in the following affected verses. I have done my best to give

Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
 As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew;
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;

them the ſame turn, and I believe there are thoſe who will not think them bad ones.

Ye pow'rs! what madneſs! How on ſhips ſo frail,
Tremendous thought! can thoughtleſs mortals ſail?
From ſtormy ſeas they quit the pleaſing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidſt the main.
Far o'er the deep, a trackleſs path, they go,
And wander oceans, in purſuit of woe.
No eaſe their hearts, no reſt their eyes can find,
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
Sunk are their ſpirits, while their arms they rear;
And gods are weary'd with their fruitleſs pray'r.

The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire
Againſt Alcides, Copreus, was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as gen'rous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or ſhar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight:
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.

O friends! be men: your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual ſhame!

℣. 796. *Neſtor's ſpeech.*] This popular harangue of Neſtor, is juſtly extolled as the ſtrongeſt and moſt per-

Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head;
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:

suasive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preservation of their wives and children, the secure possessions of their fortunes, the respect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those that were departed: by these he diverts the Grecians from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. Eustathius.

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by Tasso, Jerusalem, lib. 10.

——— *O valoroso, hor via con questa*
Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.
L' imagine ad alcuno in mente desta,
Glie la figura quasi, e glie l' addita
De la pregante patria e de la mesta
Supplice famiglivola sbigottita.
Crede (dicea) che la tua patria spieghi
Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.
Guarda tu le mie leggi, e i sacri tempi
Fa ch' io del sangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
Assicura le virgini da gli empi,
E i sepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.
A te piangendo i lor passati tempi
Monstran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
A te la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital suo letto.

The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A pond'rous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he ſwings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;

℣. 814. *Firſt of the field, great Ajax.*] In this book, Homer, to raiſe the valour of Hector, gives him Neptune for an antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of Ajax, he firſt oppoſed to him Hector, ſupported by Apollo, and now the ſame Hector impelled and ſeconded by Jupiter himſelf. Theſe are ſtrokes of a maſter-hand. Euſtath.

℣. 824. *Drives four fair courſers,* etc.] The compariſon which Homer here introduces, is a demonſtra-

Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud;
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans or cranes embody'd flight,

tion that the art of mounting and managing horses was brought to so great a perfection in these early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other, even when they run full speed. But some object, that the custom of riding was not known in Greece at the time of the Trojan war: besides, they say the comparison is not just, for the horses are said to run full speed, whereas the ships stand firm and unmoved. Had Homer put the comparison in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been just, and he guilty of an inconsistency: but it is he himself who speaks: saddle-horses were in use in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illustrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his times. This is sufficient for the first objection; nor is the second more reasonable; for it is not absolutely necessary, that comparisons should correspond in every particular; it suffices if there be a general resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the agility of Ajax, who passes swiftly from one vessel to another, and is therefore intirely just. Eustathius.

Stoops down impetuous, while they fight for food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Joves leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battel rores,
Thick beats the combate on the ſounding prores.
Thou would'ſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
Nor force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battel was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope, and from deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaus bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this, in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:

℣. 856. *The ſame which dead Proteſilaus bore.*] Homer feigns that Hector laid hold on the ſhip of the dead Proteſilaus, rather than on that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his Grecian generals. Euſtathius.

Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With faulchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd: and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon' hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:

℣. 874. *The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng Of rev'rend dotards* ——]
Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to answer beforehand all the objections which he well foresaw might be made, because Hector never till now attacks the Grecians in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of Troy, who, frozen with fear at the sight of Achilles, never suffered him to march from the ramparts. Our author forgets nothing that has the resemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reason for inserting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: these elders of Troy thought it less difficult to defeat the Greeks, though defended with strong entrenchments, while Achilles was not with them; than to overcome them without entrenchments when he assisted them. And this is the reason that they prohibited Hector before, and permit him now, to sally upon the enemy. Dacier.

Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd, so thick the jav'lins fly,
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!

ỹ. 877. *But now Jove calls to arms*, etc.] Hector seems to be sensible of an extraordinary impulse from heaven, signified by these words, *the most mighty hand of Jove pushing him on*. It is no more than any other person would be ready to imagine, who should rise from a state of distress or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. Eustathius.

ỹ. 890. *The speech of Ajax*.] There is great strength, closeness, and spirit in this speech, and one might, like many critics, employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.

who has not? To admire a fine passage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowlege the good-nature of most people, who are not only pleased with this superficial applause given to fine passages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the critic, who only points at these beauties, part of the admiration justly due to the poet. This is a cheap and easy way to fame, which many writers, antient and modern, have pursued with great success. Formerly indeed this sort of authors had modesty, and were humbly content to call their performances only *Florilegia* or *Posies*: but some of late have passed such collections on the world for criticisms of great depth and learning, and seem to expect the same flowers should please us better, in these paltry nosegays of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reasons is very convenient for most writers, so it excellently suits the ignorance or laziness of most readers, who will come into any sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the complement is mutual: for as such critics do not tax their readers with any though[t] to understand them, so their readers, in return, advanc[e] nothing in opposition to such critics. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; *What an exquisite spirit of poetry——How beautiful a circumstance——What delicacy of sentiments——With*

This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

what art has the poet —— *In how ſublime and juſt a manner* —— *How finely imagined* —— *How wonderfully beautiful and poetical* —— And ſo proceed, without one reaſon to interrupt the courſe of their eloquence, moſt comfortably and ignorantly apoſtrophiſing to the end of the chapter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth battle: the acts and death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels, Hector himſelf flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.

NOTES.

We have at the entrance of this book one of the moſt beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different chara-

Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd.

withholds his arms. What can match the fierceness of his answer? Which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itself should be regarded, if they stood in competition with his resentment: that if he yields, it must be through his own mere motive: the only reason he has ever to yield, is that nature itself cannot support anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only because he had before determined to do so at a certain time, Iliad, 9. ℣. 773. That time was not till the flames should approach to his own ships, till the last article of danger, and that not of danger to Greece, but to himself. Thus his very pity has the sternest qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to suffer his friend to go in his stead, just to save them from present ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther in their assistance, than barely to put out the fires, and secure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wish, that, if it were possible, every Greek and every Trojan might perish except themselves. Such is that wrath of Achilles, that more than wrath, as the Greek *μῆνις* implies, which Homer has painted in so strong a colouring.

℣. 8. *Indulgent to his best belov'd.*] The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus is celebrated by all antiquity: and Homer, notwithstanding the anger of Achilles was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, through that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when

Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;

reſpectfully treated. "Patroclus (ſays Philoſtratus, "who probably grounds his aſſertion on ſome antient "tradition) was not ſo much elder than Achilles as to "pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modeſt, and "unaſſuming nature; conſtant and diligent in his at-"tendance, and ſeeming to have no affections but "thoſe of his friends." The ſame author has a very pretty paſſage, where Ajax is introduced inquiring of Achilles, "Which of all his warlike actions were the "moſt difficult and dangerous to him? He anſwers, "Thoſe which he undertook for the ſake of his friends. "And which, continues Ajax, were the moſt pleaſing "and eaſy? The very ſame, replies Achilles. He "then aſks him, Which of all the wounds he ever bore "in battle was the moſt painful to him? Achilles an-"ſwers, That which he received from Hector. But "Hector, ſays Ajax, never gave you a wound. Yes, "replies Achilles, a mortal one, when he ſlew my "friend Patroclus."

It is ſaid in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince viſited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles; his friend Hephaeſtion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occaſion the ſaying of Alexander is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had ſuch a friend to love him living, and ſuch a poet to celebrate him dead.*

ỷ. 11. *No girl, no infant*, etc.] I know the obvious tranſlation of this paſſage makes the compariſon conſiſt only in the tears of the infant, applied to thoſe of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the ſimile will be

Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
  Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menoetius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.
  Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon' reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
  A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke.

much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the mother's fondneſs and concern, awakened by this uneaſineſs of the child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the tenderneſs of Achilles on the ſight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the compariſon, in that purſuit, and conſtant application the infant makes to the mother, in the ſame manner as Patroclus follows Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think, all theſe circumſtances laid together, nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this ſimilitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps ſeemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.

ỳ. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt.*] The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original, which begin this ſpeech, Μὴ νεμέσα, *Be not angry*, are not meant to deſire Achilles to bear no farther reſentment againſt the Greeks, but only not to be diſpleaſed at the tears which Patroclus ſheds for their misfortune. Patroclus, they ſay, was not ſo imprudent to begin his interceſſion in that manner, when there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. I take this to be an exceſs of refinement: the purpoſe of every period in his ſpeech is to perſuade Achilles to lay aſide his anger; why then may he not begin by deſiring it? The whole queſtion is, whether he may ſpeak openly in favour of the Greeks in the firſt half of the verſe, or in the latter? For in the ſame line he repreſents their diſtreſs.

——— τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

It is plain he treats him without much reſerve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even miſchievous (for αἰναρέτη implies no leſs.) I do not ſee wherein the caution of this ſpeech conſiſts; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof Achilles's nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of Ulyſſes, (to which he expreſſed his hatred in the ninth book, ỳ. 412.)

ỳ. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,*
And wiſe Ulyſſes ———]

Patroclus, in mentioning the wounded princes to Achil-

Their pain, soft art of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No —— men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,

les, takes care not to put Agamemnon first, lest that odious name striking his ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his discourse: neither does he name him last, for fear Achilles dwelling upon it should fall into passion: but he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of Eustathius is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to make Patroclus call him Atreus' son than Agamemnon, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined he spoke of Menelaus, as of Agamemnon.

A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If ought from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou beg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.

℣. 61. *And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater complement, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was alſo an encomium which he could not ſuſpect of flattery; ſince the perſon who made it deſires to hazard his life upon the ſecurity that the enemy could not ſupport the ſight of the very armour of Achilles: and indeed Achilles himſelf ſeems to entertain no leſs a thought, in the anſwer to this ſpeech, where he aſcribes the flight of Troy to the blazing of his helmet: a circumſtance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Beſides all this, Homer had it in his view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to enſue in the eighteenth book, where the very ſight of Achilles from his ſhip turns the fortune of the war.

Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.
  Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears:
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor ought a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this——the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon' deſerted land;

Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt,
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon;
No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on:

℣. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon.*] By what Achilles here ſays, joining Diomede to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular diſagreement and emulation between theſe two heroes. This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe Diomede was of all the Greeks confeſſedly the neareſt in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore the moſt likely to move his envy, as being the moſt likely to ſupply his place. The ſame ſentiments are to be obſerved in Diomede with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greateſt extremities he no where acknowleges the neceſſity of appeaſing Achilles, but always in council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the war without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit embaſſador to Achilles; and upon return from the embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere reflection, not only upon Achilles, but even upon Agamemnon, who had ſent this embaſſy to him. *I wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe ſupplications and gifts to Achilles; his inſolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our duty and prepare for the battel.* Eu-

Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroul'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

ſtathius obſerves, that Achilles uſes this particular expreſſion concerning Diomede,

> Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
> Μαίνεται ἐγχείη ——— ———

becauſe it was the ſame boaſting expreſſion Diomede had applied to himſelf, Iliad 8. ỳ. 111. of the original. But this having been ſaid only to Neſtor in the heat of fight, how can we ſuppoſe Achilles had notice of it? This obſervation ſhews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good archbiſhop.

ỳ. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the Greeks had already offered to do, and which he has refuſed; this then is an inequality in Achilles's manners. Not at all: Achilles is ſtill ambitious; when he refuſed theſe preſents, the Greeks were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the laſt extremity, and till he was ſufficiently revenged by their loſſes. Dacier.

ỳ. 113. *But touch not Hector.*] This injunction of Achilles is highly correſpondent to his ambitious character: he is by no means willing that the conqueſt of

Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war,
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.

Hector ſhould be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his deareſt friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the idea we have of this implacability and reſentment; ſince at the ſame time that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the Greeks in the battel, we ſee it is the utmoſt force upon his nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts, leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this hero.

The verſe I am ſpeaking of,

Τοὺς ἄλλους ἐνάριζ'· ἀπὸ δ' Ἕκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας,

is cited by Diogenes Laertius as Homer's, but not found to be in the editions before that of Barnes's. It is certainly one of the inſtructions of Achilles to Patroclus, and therefore properly placed in this ſpeech; but I believe better after

——— ——— ποτὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν,

than where he has inſerted it four lines above: for Achilles's inſtructions not beginning till ver. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,

it is not ſo proper to divide this martial one from the reſt. Whereas, according to the method I propoſe, the whole context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you conſult my intereſt and honour. Make as great a ſlaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abſtain from Hector. And as ſoon as you have repulſed them from the ſhips, be ſatisfied and return: for it may be fatal to purſue the victory to the walls of Troy.*

ỳ. 115. *Conſult my glory, and forbear.*] Achilles tells Patroclus that if he purſues the foe too far, whether he ſhall be victor or vanquiſhed, it muſt prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For, by the former, the Greeks having no more need of Achilles's aid, will not

The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe god thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some god, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work, and leave the reſt to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!

reſtore him his captive, nor try any more to appeaſe him by preſents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the death of Patroclus. Dacier.

ℽ. 122. *Oh! would to all*, etc.] Achilles from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the Trojans he hates as profeſſed enemies, and he deteſts the Grecians as people who had with calmneſs overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient critics, not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an univerſal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may obſerve, at the ſame time, the mighty force of friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and ſecure thoſe Greeks, whoſe deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody wiſh, is, that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with great unreſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between friends.

Monſ. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the abſurdity of this wiſh. Upon the ſuppoſition that Jupiter had granted it, if all the Trojans and Greeks were deſtroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he aſks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any ſpectators? But the anſwer is very obvious; Homer intends to paint

That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
  Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand,
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd;

a man in paſſion; the wiſhes and ſchemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to reaſon; and the manners are preſerved the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

This brings into my mind that curſe in Shakeſpear, where that admirable maſter of nature makes Northumberland, in the rage of his paſſion, wiſh for an univerſal deſtruction.

——— Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

ỳ. 130. *Ajax no more,* etc.] This deſcription of Ajax wearied out with battel, is a paſſage of exquiſite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the deſcription itſelf, is what he ſays at the end of it, that his hero, even in this exceſs of fatigue and languor, could ſcarce be moved from his poſt by the efforts of a whole army. Virgil has copied the deſcription very exactly, Æneid 9.

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung.
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.

Ergo nunc clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, et ſaxis ſolida aera fatiſcunt:
Diſcuſſaeque jubae capiti, nec ſufficit umbo
Ictibus: *ingeminant haſtis et Troes, et ipſe*
Fulmineus Mneſtheus; tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur, et piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
Flumen agit; feſſos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.

The circumſtances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon Homer, and the laſt verſe excellently expreſſes, in the ſhort catching up of the numbers, the quick, ſhort panting, repreſented in the image. The reader may add to the compariſon an imitation of the ſame place in Taſſo, Cant. 9. St. 97.

Fatto intanto ha il ſoldan cio, ch'e conceſſo
Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
Tutto e ſangue e ſudore; un grave, e ſpeſſo
Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche ſcote.
Langue ſotto lo ſcudo il brachio oppreſſo,
Gira la deſtra il ferro in pigre rote;
Speſſa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuſo
Perduto ill brando omai di brando ha l' uſo.

Say, muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;

℣. 148. *Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,*
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign.] In the Greek there is added an explication of this ſign, which has no other alluſion to the action, but a very odd one in a ſingle phraſe or metaphor.

——— ὃ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κεῖρε
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην.

Which may be tranſlated,

So ſeem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high lord,
So doom'd to fall before the Trojan ſword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanneſs of this conceit, by the groſs wit of Ajax; who ſeeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy, that Jupiter would in the ſame manner cut off the counſels and ſchemes of the Greeks. For to underſtand this far-fetched apprehenſion gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to uſe the words of Chapman) moſt dull and ajantical. I believe no man will blame me for leaving theſe lines out of the text.

O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
 Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.
 He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;

℣. 154. *Achilles view'd the riſing flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of ſpeeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable ſpectacle, the ſight of the flames, at length brings to paſs, and moves Achilles to compaſſion. This it was, ſay the ancients, that moved the tragedians to make viſible repreſentations of miſery; for the ſpectators beholding people in unhappy circumſtances, find their ſouls more deeply touched, than by all the ſtrains of rhetoric. Euſtathius.

℣. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in braſs*, etc.] Homer does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe arms of Achilles at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this deſcription for the new armour which Thetis ſhall bring that hero; a deſcription which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leiſure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. Euſtathius.

Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant intire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,

℣. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands.*] This paſſage affords another inſtance of the ſtupidity of the commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the reaſons why Patroclus does not take the ſpear, as well as the other arms of Achilles? He thought himſelf a very happy man, who firſt found out, that Homer had certainly given this ſpear to Patroclus, if he had not foreſeen, that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate engagement, Vulcan could not furniſh Achilles with another; being no joiner, but only a ſmith. Virgil, it ſeems, was not ſo preciſely acquainted with Vulcan's diſability to profeſs the two trades; ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a ſpear, as well as the other arms, for Æneas. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raiſe the idea of his hero, by giving him ſuch a ſpear as no other could wield: the deſcription of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car.
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;

℣. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of Achilles, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have designed it even in the literal sense: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate, as an undoubted piece of natural history, that there was antiently a breed of this kind of horses in Portugal, whose dams were impregnated by a western wind: Varro, Columella, and Pliny, are all of this opinion. I shall only mention the words of Pliny, Nat. Hist. l. 8. c. 42. *Constat in Lusitania circa Olyssiponem oppidum, et Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obversas animalem concipere spiritum, idque partum fieri et gigni pernicissimum.* See also the same author, lib. 4. cap. 22. l. 16. c. 25. Possibly Homer had this opinion in view, which we see has authority more than sufficient to give it place in poetry. Virgil has given us a description of this manner of conception, Georgic 3.

Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus) illae
Ore omnes versae in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: et saepe sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidae, mirabile dictu,
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt. ——————

Whom the wing'd Harpye, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore.
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide,
(Once great Action's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings,
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings,

ỳ. 186. *Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare horſe (as in another place Neſtor had occaſion for the ſame) that if by any miſfortune one of the other horſes ſhould fall, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his place. This is good management in the poet, to deprive Achilles not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his ineſtimable horſes. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves*, etc.] There is ſcarce any picture in Homer ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this compariſon of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of Spagnolett, or Salvator Roſa: each circumſtance is made up of images very ſtrongly coloured and horridly lively. The principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghaſtly train of raw-boned bloody-minded fellows. But beſides this, the poet ſeems to have ſome farther view in ſo many different particulars of the compariſon: their eager deſire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirſting after water: their ſtrength and vigour for the battel is in-

(When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood)
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,

timated by their being filled with food: and as these beasts are said to have their thirst sharper after they are gorged with prey; so the Myrmidons are strong and vigorous with ease and refreshment, and therefore more ardently desirous of the combat. This image of their strength is inculcated by several expressions both in the simile and the application, and seems designed in contrast to the other Greeks, who are all wasted and spent with toil.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by Milton, lib. 10. where Death is let loose into the new creation, to glut his appetite, and discharge his rage upon all nature.

——— As when a flock
Of rav'nous fowls, tho' many a league remote,
Against the day of battle to a field
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcasses, design'd
For Death the following day, in bloody fight.
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by Tasso, Canto 10. St. 2. of the furious Soldan covered with blood, and thirsting for fresh slaughter.

Cum dal chiuso ovil cacciato viene
Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e si nasconde;
Che se ben del gran ventre omai ripiene
Ha l' ingorde voragini profonde.

Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.

Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-deſcended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus that eſpous'd the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.

Avido pur di ſangue anco fuor tienne
La lingua, e'l ſugge de la labbra immonde,
Tal' ei ſen gia dopo il ſanguigno ſtratio
De la ſua cupa fame anco non ſatio.

℣. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters,* etc.] Homer ſeems reſolved that every thing about Achilles ſhall be miraculous. We have ſeen his very horſes are of celeſtial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the ſons of men, are repreſented as the real offspring of ſome deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumſtance with which his imagination could furniſh him.

Her, sly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And hir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong Echecleus, blest in all those charms,
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame:
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phoenix's grave command was grac'd;
Laerces' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,

℣. 220. *To her high chamber.*] It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore Penelope, in the Odyssey, mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So Priam, in the sixth book, ver. 248. had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The Lacedaemonians called these high apartments *ωα*; and as the word also signifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of Helen's birth, who is said to be born from an *egg*. Eustathius.

This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
" Stern ſon of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging in your ſhips you lay)
" Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
" Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.
" If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more,
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows.
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold Automedon; Patroclus here;

Brothers in arms, with equal fury ſir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
 But mindful of the gods Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold.
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the god implor'd.

ỳ. 283. *And thus the god implor'd.*] Though the character of Achilles every where ſhews a mind ſwayed with unbounded paſſions, and intirely regardleſs of all human authority and law; yet he preſerves a conſtant reſpect to the gods, and appears as zealous in the ſentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent paſſage is an exact deſcription and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on theſe occaſions. Achilles, though an urgent affair called for his friend's aſſiſtance, would not yet ſuffer him to enter the fight, till in a moſt ſolemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of Jupiter: and this I think a ſtronger proof of his tender-

O thou ſupreme! high thron'd all height above!
O great Pelaſgic, Dodonaean Jove! 286

neſs and affection for Patroclus, than either the grief he expreſſed at his death, or the fury he ſhewed to revenge it.

ỳ. 285. *Dodonaean Jove.*] The frequent mention of oracles in Homer, and the ancient authors, may make in not improper to give the reader a general account of ſo conſiderable a part of the Grecian ſuperſtition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. Stanyan, in his excellent and judicious abſtract of the Grecian hiſtory.

" The Oracles were ranked among the nobleſt and " moſt religious kinds of divination; the deſign of " them being to ſettle ſuch an immediate way of con- " verſe with their gods, as to be able by them not on- " ly to explain things intricate and obſcure, but alſo " to anticipate the knowlege of future events; and " that with far greater certainty than they could hope " for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice " muſt ſometimes either conceal or betray the truth. " So that this became the only ſafe way of deliberating " upon affairs of any conſequence, either public or " private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a " peace; to inſtitute a new form of government, or en- " act new laws; all was to be done with the advice " and approbation of the oracle, whoſe determinations " were always held ſacred and inviolable. As to the " cauſes of oracles, Jupiter was looked upon as the " firſt cauſe of this, and all other ſorts of divination; " he had the book of fate before him, and out of that " revealed either more or leſs, as he pleaſed, to infe- " rior daemons. But to argue more rationally, this " way of acceſs to the gods has been branded as one of " the earlieſt and groſſeſt pieces of prieſtcraft, that ob- " tained in the world. For the prieſts, whoſe depen-

Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſide on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:

" dance was on the oracles, when they found the " cheat had got ſufficient footing, allowed no man to " conſult the gods without coſtly ſacrifices and rich pre- " ſents to themſelves: and as few could bear this ex- " pence, it ſerved to raiſe their credit among the com- " mon people by keeping them at an awful diſtance. " And to heighten their eſteem with the better and weal- " thier ſort, even they were only admitted upon a few " ſtated days: by which the thing appeared ſtill more " myſterious, and for want of this good management, " muſt quickly have been ſeen through, and fall to the " ground. But whatever juggling there was as to the " religious part, oracles had certainly a good effect as " to the public; being admirably ſuited to the genius " of a people, who would join in the moſt deſperate " expedition, and admit of any change of government, " when they underſtood by the oracle it was the irre- " ſiſtible will of the gods. This was the method Mi- " nos, Lycurgus, and all the famous law-givers took; " and indeed they found the people ſo intirely devoted " to this part of religion, that it was generally the ea- " ſieſt, and ſometimes the only way of winning them " into a compliance. And then they took care to have " them delivered in ſuch ambiguous terms, as to ad- " mit of different conſtructions according to the exigen- " cy of the times: ſo that they were generally interpre- " ted to the advantage of the ſtate, unleſs ſometimes " there happened to be bribery or flattery in the caſe; " as when Demoſthenes complained that the Pythia " ſpoke as Philip would have her. The moſt nume- " rous, and of greateſt repute, were the oracles of " Apollo, who, in ſubordination to Jupiter, was ap- " pointed to preſide over, and inſpire all ſorts of pro- " phets and diviners. And amongſt theſe, the Del-

(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;

" phian challenged the first place, not so much in re-
" spect of its antiquity, as its perspicuity and certain-
" ty; insomuch that the answers of the Tripos came
" to be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths.
" Here we must not omit the first Pythia or priestess of
" this famous oracle in heroic verse. They found a se-
" cret charm in numbers, which made every thing look
" pompous and weighty. And hence it became the ge-
" neral practice of legislators and philosophers, to de-
" liver their laws and maxims in that dress: and
" scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excellence
" or moment but in verse. This was the dawn of
" poetry, which soon grew into repute; and so long
" as it served to such noble purposes as religion and
" government, poets were highly honoured, and admit-
" ed into a share of the administration. But by that
" time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more
" mean and servile ends; and as they prostituted their
" muse, and debased the subject, they sunk proportion-
" ably in their esteem and dignity. As to the history
" of oracles, we find them mentioned in the very in-
" fancy of Greece, and it is as uncertain when they
" were finally extinct, as when they began. For they
" often lost their prophetic faculty for some time, and
" recovered it again. I know it is a common opinion,
" that they were universally silenced upon our Saviour's
" appearance in the world: and if the devil had been
" permitted for so many ages to delude mankind, it
" might probably have been so. But we are assured
" from history, that several of them continued till the
" reign of Julian the apostate, and were consulted by
" him: and therefore I look upon the whole business
" as of human contrivance; an egregious imposture
" founded upon superstition, and carried on by policy

Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze.)

"and intereſt, till the brighter oracles of the holy "ſcriptures diſpelled theſe miſts of error and enthu-"ſiaſm."

ỳ. 285. *Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove.*] Achilles invokes Jupiter with theſe particular appellations, and repreſents to him the ſervices performed by theſe prieſts and prophets; making theſe honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this deity. Jupiter was looked upon as the firſt cauſe of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of πανομφαίῳ. Iliad 8. ỳ. 250. The firſt oracle of Dodona was founded by the Pelaſgi, the moſt antient of all the inhabitants of Greece, which is confirmed by this verſe of Heſiod, preſerved by the ſcholiaſt on Sophocles Trachin.

Δωδώνην, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἕδρανον ἧκεν.

The oaks of this place were ſaid to be endowed with voice, and prophetic ſpirit; the prieſts who gave anſwers concealing themſelves in theſe trees; a practice which the pious frauds of ſucceeding ages have rendered not improbable.

ỳ. 288. *Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere,* etc.] Homer ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe prieſts lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by theſe auſterities the god they ſerved: for he ſays, σοὶ ναίουσι ἀνιπτόποδες, and this σοὶ can, in my opinion, only ſignify for *you*, that is to ſay, *to pleaſe you, and for your honour.* This example is remarkable, but I do not think it ſingular; and the earlieſt antiquity may furniſh us with the like of pagans, who, by an auſtere life tried to pleaſe their gods. Nevertheleſs I am obliged to ſay, that Strabo, who ſpeaks at large of theſe Selli in his ſeventh book, has not taken this au-

Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair:

sterity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors; who, being barbarians, and straying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first Pelasgians, who founded this oracle, only custom and use, might be continued by these priests through devotion. How many things do we at this day see, which were in their original only antient manner, and which are continued through zeal, and a spirit of religion? It is very probable that these priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who loved luxury and delicacy so much. I was willing to search into antiquity for the original of these Selli, priests of Jupiter, but found nothing so antient as Homer; Herodotus writes in his second book, that the oracle of Dodona was the ancientest in Greece, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an Ægyptian woman, who was the priestess of it, is contradicted by this passage of Homer, who shews, that in the time of the Trojan war this temple was served by men called Selli, and not by women. Strabo informs us of a curious antient tradition, importing, that this temple was at first built in Thessaly, that from thence it was carried into Dodona; that several women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in process of time the priestesses used to be chosen from among the descendents of those women. To return to these Selli, Sophocles, who, of all the Greek poets, is he who has most imitated Homer, speaks in like manner of these priests in one of his plays, where Hercules says to his son Hillus; "I will declare to thee a new oracle, which perfectly "agrees with this ancient one; I myself having en-

Lo to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield;

" tered into the ſacred wood inhabited by the auſtere
" Selli, who lie on the ground, writ this anſwer of the
" oak, which is conſecrated to my father Jupiter, and
" which renders his oracles in all languages." Dacier.

℣. 288.] Homer, in this verſe, uſes a word which I think ſingular and remarkable, ὑποφῆται. I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but am perſuaded that this term included ſome particular ſenſe, and ſhews ſome cuſtom but little known, which I would willingly diſcover. In the Scholia of Didymus there is this remark: " They called thoſe who ſerved in the " temple, and who explained the oracles rendered by " the prieſts, *hypophets*, or *under-prophets*." It is certain, that there were in the temple ſervitors, or ſubaltern miniſters, who, for the ſake of gain, undertook to explain the oracles which were obſcure. This cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſhed in the Ion of Euripides; where that young child (after having ſaid that the prieſteſs is ſeated on the tripod, and renders the oracles which Apollo dictates to her) addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in the temple, and bids them go and waſh in the Caſtalian fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the oracles to thoſe who ſhould demand the explication of them. Homer therefore means to ſhew, that theſe Selli were, in the temple of Dodona, thoſe ſubaltern miniſters that interpreted the oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the preſent paſſage: for, beſides that the cuſtom was not eſtabliſhed in Homer's time, and that there is no footſtep of it founded in that early age; theſe Selli, of whom Homer ſpeaks, are not here miniſters ſubordinate to others; they are plainly the chief prieſts. The explication of this word therefore muſt be elſewhere ſought, and I ſhall offer my conjecture, which I ground

Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind,
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire:
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!

Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;

upon the nature of this oracle of Dodona, which was very different from all the other oracles: in all other temples the prieſts delivered the oracles which they had received from their gods, immediately: but in the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his oracles to his prieſts, but to his Selli; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the prieſts, who declared them to thoſe who conſulted them: ſo theſe prieſts were not properly προφῆται, *prophets*, ſince they did not receive thoſe anſwers from the mouth of their god immediately; but they were ὑποφῆται, *under-prophets*, becauſe they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may ſay ſo. The oaks, properly ſpeaking, were the prophets, the firſt interpreters of Jupiter's oracles; and the Selli were ὑποφῆται, *under-prophets*, becauſe they pronounced what the oaks had ſaid. Thus Homer, in one ſingle word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. Dacier.

℣. 306. *Great Jove conſents to half.*] Virgil has finely imitated this in his 11th Æneid.

To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
  Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way,

Audiit, et voti Phoebus succedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras.
Sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam
Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertere procellae.

ŷ. 314. *As wasps provok'd,* etc.] One may observe, that though Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. Virgil has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation. Eustathius.

This brings into my mind a pretty rural simile in Spenser, which is very much in the simplicity of the old father of poetry.

In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms,
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, part'ners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in antient days:
Your godlike maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd:

As gentle ſhepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus 'gins to welke in weſt,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no whit can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hand their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
 Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,
The great Poeonian, bold Pyraechmes, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread:

¥. 454. *So when thick clouds,* etc.] All the commentators take this compariſon in a ſenſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe Jupiter is here deſcribed cleaving the air with a flaſh of lightening, and ſpreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkneſs. The application is made to Patroclus falling on the Trojans, and giving reſpite to the Greeks, who were plunged in obſcurity. Euſtathius gives this interpretation, but, at the ſame time, acknowleges it improper in this

Sudden, the thund'rer with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;

compariſon to repreſent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is ſolely founded on the expreſſion στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which epithet is often applied when no ſuch action is ſuppoſed. The moſt obvious ſignification of the words in this paſſage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juſter application. The ſimile ſeems to be of Jupiter diſperſing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful proſpect, which was before hid in darkneſs, ſuddenly appears. This is applicable to the preſent ſtate of the Greeks, after Patroclus had extinguiſhed the flames, which began to ſpread clouds of ſmoke over the fleet. It is Homer's deſign in his compariſons to apply them to the moſt obvious and ſenſible image of the thing to be illuſtrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refuſing him what is really his own.

It is much the ſame image with that of Milton in his ſecond book, though applied in a very different way.

As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face; the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darkned landſkip ſnow or ſhow'r;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.

The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd Æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold Patroclus flew;
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs, and in death, the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band;
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſs on the ground;
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
But godly Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er,
And vaunts his ſoul effus'd with guſhing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhor'd Chimaera bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojān ſtood;
The thirſty faulçhion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoaking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Boeotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow:
The ſword broke ſhort; but his Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.

ỹ. 390. *Amiſodarus, who,* etc.] Amiſodarus was king of Caria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients gueſſed from this paſſage that the Chimaera was not a fiction, ſince Homer marks the time wherein ſhe lived, and the prince with whom ſhe lived; they thought it was ſome beaſt of that prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the Calydonian boar. Euſtathius.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey.
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.

℣. 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.*] Homer repreſents Hector, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his troops: and he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνέμιμνε; for ἀναμίμνειν does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop from

As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies;
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.

time to time; for this is the power of the prepoſition ἀνὰ, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies to *fight by fits and ſtarts*; ἀναπαλαίειν, to *wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. Euſtathius.

No ſtop, no check the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their deſp'rate courſe,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhow'rs,
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe)

ỳ. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew*, etc.] Homer had made of Hector's horſes all that poetry could make of common and mortal horſes; they ſtand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horſes of Achilles find no obſtacle: they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 466. *Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours——*
——When guilty mortals, etc.]
The poet in this image of an inundation, takes occaſion to mention a ſentiment of great piety, that ſuch calamities were the effects of divine juſtice puniſhing the ſins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an univerſal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; moſt of them aſcribing the cauſe of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedneſs of men. Diodorus Siculus, l. 15. c. 5. ſpeaking of an earthquake and inundation, which deſtroyed a great part of Greece, in the hundred and firſt Olympiad, has theſe words. *There was a great diſpute concerning the cauſe of this calamity: the natural*

From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud rores the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
  And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.

philosophers generally ascribed such events to necessary causes, not to any divine hand: but they who had more divine sentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; asserting, that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this destruction upon men who had offended the gods with their impiety. And then proceeds to give an account of those crimes which drew down this punishment upon them.

This is one, among a thousand instances, of Homer's indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral sentences and instructions. These agreeably break in upon his reader even in descriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amusement. We have virtue put upon us by surprize, and are pleased to find a thing where we should never have looked to meet with it. I must do a noble English poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular art that is the very distinguishing excellence of Cooper's Hill; throughout which, the description of places, and images raised by the poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading into some reflection, upon moral life or political institution: much in the same manner as the real sight of such scenes and prospects is apt to give the mind a composed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object.

Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
Firſt Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he ſate, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combate, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.

℣. 480. *Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,*
Where lay the ſhips, and where the rampires roſe.] It looks at firſt ſight as if Patroclus was very punctual in obeying the orders of Achilles, when he hinders the Trojans from aſcending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ſhips, the river, and the wall. But he ſeems afterwards, through very haſte, to have ſlipt his commands, for his orders were that he ſhould drive them from the ſhips, and then preſently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the conſequence. Euſtathius.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown;
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathleſs warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed,
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughter ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,

ỳ. 512. *When now Sarpedon, etc.*] The poet preparing to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to give a ſketch of ſome particulars which conſtitute a character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth ſuperior to all the chiefs of either ſide, being the only ſon of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his deſcent, ſince he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the moſt admired heroes: nor are theſe excellencies blemiſhed with any of thoſe defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhing characters of the poem are ſtained. So that the niceſt critics cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither raſh nor boiſterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking: and his eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears

With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms,
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;

uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the ſame generous ſentiments that engaged him in it, having no intereſt in the quarrel but to ſuccour his allies in diſtreſs. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his laſt moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

Homer juſtly repreſents ſuch a character to be attended with univerſal eſteem: as he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of Troy. The poet by his death, even before that of Hector, prepares us to expect the deſtruction of that town, when its two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more ſignal and remarkable, it is the only death of the Iliad attended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine aſſiſtance, he being the only hero whoſe body is carried back to be interred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. Theſe peculiar and diſtinguiſhing honours ſeem appropriated by our author to him alone, as the reward of a merit ſuperior to all his other leſs perfect heroes.

ỷ. 522. *As when two vultures.*] Homer compares

They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combate, whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his ſiſter and his queen.
The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain,
My godlike ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,

Patroclus and Sarpedon to two vultures, becauſe they appeared to be of equal ſtrength and abilities, when they had diſmounted from their chariots. For this reaſon he has choſen to compare them to birds of the ſame kind; as on another occaſion, to image the like equality of ſtrength, he reſembles both Hector and Patroclus to lions: but a little after this place, diminiſhing the force of Sarpedon, he compares him to a bull, and Patroclus to a lion. He has placed theſe vultures upon a high rock, becauſe it is their nature to perch there, rather than in the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground, they could not fight ſteadily in the air, and therefore their fitteſt place is the rock. Euſtathius.

℣. 535. *Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate.*] It appears by this paſſage, that Homer was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or deſtiny. It has puzzled many to diſtinguiſh exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. Dryden contends that Jupiter was limited by the deſtinies, or, to uſe his expreſſion, was no better than book-keeper to them.

And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;

He grounds it upon a paſſage in the tenth book of Virgil, where Jupiter mentions this inſtance of Sarpedon as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from Ovid, amounts to no more than that Jupiter gave way to deſtiny; not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, Homer's opinion at leaſt, as to the diſpenſations of God to man, has ever ſeemed to me very clear, and diſtinctly aggreeable to truth. We ſhall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he aſſigns three cauſes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to diſtinguiſh. Firſt the will of God, ſuperior to all.

——— Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. Iliad 1.
——— Θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ. Il. 19. ver. 90.
Ζεὺς ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε δίδωσι, ——— etc.

Secondly deſtiny or fate, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the conſtitutions of men, and diſpoſing them to good or evil, proſperity or misfortune; which the ſupreme being, if it be his pleaſure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally ſuffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own free-will, which either by prudence overcomes thoſe natural influences and paſſions, or by folly ſuffers us to fall under them. Odyſſ. 1. ℣. 32.

Ὢ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεοὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crime of providence?

Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood, the field?
  Then thus the goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.

Blind! who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly, not their fate.

℣. 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,*
The breathleſs body to his native land.]

The hiſtory or fable received in Homer's time, imported, that Sarpedon was interred in Lycia, but it ſaid nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preſerve the fable. The expedient propoſed by Juno ſolves all; Sarpedon dies at Troy, and is interred at Lycia; and what renders this probable is, that in thoſe times, as at this day, princes and perſons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this cuſtom cannot be doubted, ſince it was practiſed in the patri-

His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame, 'tis all the dead can have, ſhall live.
 She ſaid; the cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.
 Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed,
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,

archs times: Jacob dying in Egypt, orders his children to carry him into the land of Canaan, where he deſired to be buried. Gen. xlix. 29. Dacier.

℣. 560. *A ſhow'r of blood.*] As to ſhowers of a bloody colour, many, both ancient and modern naturaliſts, agree in aſſerting the reality of ſuch appearances, though they account for them differently. You may ſee a very odd ſolution of them in Euſtathius, Note on ℣. 70. of the eleventh Iliad. What ſeems the moſt probable, is that of Fromondus in his Meteorology, who obſerved, that a ſhower of this kind, which gave great cauſe of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very

The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous Pedaſus, of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around;
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.

ſmall red inſects, beat down to the earth by a heavy ſhower, whereby the ground was ſpotted in ſeveral places, as with drops of blood.

℣. 572. ——— *Achilles' mortal ſteed,*
The gen'rous Pedaſus ———]
For the other two horſes of Achilles, Xanthus, and Balius, were immortal, as we have already ſeen in this book. It is a merry conceit of Euſtathius, that Pedaſus is only ſaid to be mortal, becauſe of three horſes he only was a gelding. It is pity poor Pedaſus had not a better fate to have recompenſed the loſs of his immortality.

Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow rores, rebellow thro' the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,

℣. 605. *Glaucus, be bold,* etc.] This dying ſpeech of Sarpedon deſerves particular notice, being made up of noble ſentiments, and fully anſwering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preſerves in his laſt moments. Being ſenſible of approaching death, without any tranſports of rage, or deſire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preſerve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous, if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded diſconſolate friend, the ſpear remaining in his body, and the victor ſtanding by in a kind of extaſy ſurveying his conqueſt; theſe circumſtances will form a very moving

To lead my troops, to combate at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the fates ſuppreſs'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.

His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,

picture. Patroclus all this time, either out of humanity or ſurprize, omits to pull out the ſpear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.

Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phoebus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots through ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, though diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.

℣. 637. ——————— *Pierc'd with pain,*
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.] There ſeems to be an overſight in this place. Glaucus in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer at the attack of the wall; and here ſo long after, we find him ſtill on the field, *in the ſharpeſt anguiſh of his wound, the blood not being yet ſtanched*, etc. In the ſpeech that next follows to Hector, there is alſo ſomething liable to cenſure, when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very ſpeech informed them. I beg leave to paſs over theſe things without expoſing or defending them; though ſuch as theſe may be ſufficient grounds for a moſt inveterate war among the critics.

Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.

What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls into another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.

He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;

A chief who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.
 But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſt'ning bands.
 Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.
 The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.

℣. 696. *Great Jove ——————*
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.] Homer calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick duſt which riſe from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the moſt natural things into miracles; theſe two armies are ba-

And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who chas'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus, and the ſilver-ſotted dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thown
At Sthenelaus flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
'Till Glaucus turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.

ried in duſt round Sarpedon's body; it is Jupiter who pours upon them an obſcure night, to make the battel bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his ſon by a greater number of victims. Euſtathius.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.

Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his cov'ring ſhield,
And trembling ſtrook, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,

℣. 746. *And ſkill'd in dancing.*] This ſtroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the cuſtom of his coun-

My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from heav'n;
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt,
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.

O friend, Menoetius' ſon this anſwer gave,
With words to combate, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.

This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe;
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As through the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:

try. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exerciſe, and in particular are ſaid to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour. See Note on ỳ. 797. in the 13th book.

Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
  Now great Sarpedon, on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtruck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy combate grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high-foming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.
  Jove view'd the combate with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day;
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates;
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight,
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,

Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
  Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decree'd!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
  Then thus to Phoebus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
Deſcend, my Phoebus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death:
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
  Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd from a cloud, to ſilver Simois' ſhore;

There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,

℣. 831. *Then Sleep and Death*, etc.] It is the notion of Euſtathius, that by this interment of Sarpedon, where Sleep and Death are concerned, Homer ſeems to intimate, that there was nothing elſe but an empty monument of that hero in Lycia; for he delivers him not to any real or ſolid perſons, but to certain unſubſtantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced, continues my author, to make uſe of theſe machines, ſince there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients, (as appears from Euripides, Hyppolyto,) had a ſuperſtition that all dead bodies were offenſive to the gods, they being of a nature celeſtial and uncorruptible. But this laſt remark is impertinent, ſince we ſee, in this very place, Apollo is employed in adorning and embalming the body of Sarpedon.

What I think better reccounts for the paſſage, is what Philoſtratus in Heroicis affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The Lycians ſhewed the body "of Sarpedon, ſtrewed over with aromatical ſpices, in "ſuch a graceful compoſure, that he ſeemed to be on"ly aſleep: and it was this that gave riſe to the ficti"on of Homer, that his rites were performed by Sleep "and Death."

But after all theſe refined obſervations, it is probable the poet intended only to repreſent the death of this favourite ſon of Jupiter, and one of his amiable character, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumſtances of dread or horror; intimating, by this fi-

Receiv'd Sarpedon, and the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the god, whoſe counſels uncontroul'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;

ction, that he was delivered out of all tumults and miſeries of life by two imaginary deities, Sleep and Death, who alone can give mankind eaſe and exemption from their misfortunes.

℣. 847. *Who firſt, brave hero,* etc.] The poet in a very moving and ſolemn way turns his diſcourſe to Patroclus. He does not accoſt his muſe, as it is uſual with him to do, but inquires of the hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who the laſt, who fell by his hand? This addreſs diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes Patroclus, (to whom Homer uſes it more frequently, than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome genius or divine being, and at the ſame time it is very pathetical, and apt to move our compaſſion. The ſame kind of apoſtrophe is uſed by Virgil to Camilla.

When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonous then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiſtor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
  Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming Phoebus kept the ſacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
  Patroclus! ceaſe; This heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall:
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the god, who darts celeſtial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
While Hector checking at the Scaean gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phoebus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?

(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring god; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war.
The god the Grecians ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
(The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed,)
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound,
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artist shows,
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!

ỳ. 904. *What skilful divers*, etc.] The original is literally thus: *It is pity he is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oisters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were such good divers at Troy?* This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good soldier may be an indifferent jester. But I very much doubt whether this passage be his: it is very likely these five last verses were added by some of the antient critics, whose caprices Homer has frequently undergone: or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who, in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors. And what persuades me of its being so, is, that it is by no means probable that Patroclus, who had lately blamed Meriones for his little raillery against Æneas, and told him, "that it was not by raillery or invective that they "were to repel the Trojans, but by dint of blows; "that counsel required words, but wars deeds:" it is by no means probable, I say, that the same Patroclus should forget that excellent precept, and amuse himself with raillery especially in the sight of Hector. I am therefore of opinion that Patroclus said no more than this verse, Ω πόποι, etc. *Good gods! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he dives;* and that the five following are strangers, though very antient. Dacier.

I must just take notice, that however mean or ill-placed these railleries may appear, there have not been wanting such fond lovers of Homer as have admired and imitated them. Milton himself is of this number, as may be seen from those very low jests, which he has

Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
  Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies;
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd though the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing rores rebellow through the ſhades.

put into the mouth of Satan and his angels in the ſixth book. What Æneas ſays to Meriones upon his dancing, is nothing ſo trivial as thoſe lines; where, after the diſploſion of their diabolical enginry, angel rolling on archangel, they are thus derided.

———— *When we propounded terms*
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their mind,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace ———— etc.
———— *Terms that amus'd them all,*
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well underſtand:
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds rore aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that, the ratt'ling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
 Now flaming from the Zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.

Thrice on the preſs like Mars himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
  For lo! the god in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore;
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before,
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhed the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long——for fate purſues him, and the god.
  His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:

℣. 952. *Apollo dreadful,* etc.] If Homer is reſolved to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well reliſh, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving ſuch innovations. He had before given us a ſketch of this trick of the gods in the thirteenth book, where Neptune ſerves Alcathous much in the ſame manner. Apollo here carries it a little farther; and both theſe are ſpecimens of what we are to expect from Minerva at the death of Hector in Iliad 22.

The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes;
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name:
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe,
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtrook, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſart ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,

Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend, perhaps he said,
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.

ỳ. 1003. *Lie there, Patroclus!* etc.] There is much spirit in this sarcasm of Hector upon Patroclus: nor is Achilles exempt from the severity of the reflection, who, as he imagines, had persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy. Eustathius.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.
Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By fate and Phoebus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;

℣. 1026. —— *Hear my latest breath,*
The gods inspire it ——]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature, at such a time its views are stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of true prediction. So Artemon of Miletum says in his book of dreams, that when the soul hath collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is just ready to be severed from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. Socrates also in his defence to the Athenians, "I am now arrived at "the verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people "to foretell what will come to pass." Eustathius.

This opinion seems alluded to in those admirable lines of Waller:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

ỷ. 1032. *The death of Patroclus.*] I sometimes think I am in respect to Homer much like Sancho Panca with regard to Don Quixote. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wisdom, learning, and all good qualities. But sometimes there are certain starts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my master is a little out of the way, if not quite beside himself. The present passage of the death of Patroclus, attended with so many odd circumstances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the force of Hector) are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed, in my own opinion, give them up to the critics. I really think almost all those parts in Homer which have been objected against with most clamour and fury, are honestly defensible, and none of them, to confess my private sentiment, seem to me to be faults of any consideration, except this conduct in the death of Patroclus, the length of Nestor's discourse in lib. 11. the speech of Achilles's horse in the 19. the conversation of that hero with Æneas in lib. 20. and the manner of Hector's flight round the walls of Troy, lib. 22. I hope, after so free a confession, no reasonable modern will think me touched with the Ὁμηρομανία of madam Dacier and others. I am sensible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet established in fame, than in defending those who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious interest, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!

with antient works as with antient coins, they paſs for a vaſt deal more than they were worth at firſt; and the very obſcurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the ſacred ruſt, which enhances their value with all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what ſeem my author's faults, and ſubſcribed to the opinion of Horace, that Homer ſometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of Longinus as to ſuch negligences. I can no way ſo well conclude the notes to this book as with the tranſlation of it.

“ It may not be improper to diſcuſs the queſtion in
“ general, which of the two is the more eſtimable, a
“ faulty ſublime, or a faultleſs mediocrity? And con-
“ ſequently, if of two works, one has the greater num-
“ ber of beauties, and the other attains directly to the
“ ſublime, which of theſe ſhall in equity carry the
“ prize? I am really perſuaded that the true ſublime
“ is incapable of that purity which we find in the com-
“ poſitions of a lower ſtrain, and in effect that too
“ much accuracy ſinks the ſpirit of an author; where-
“ as the caſe is generally the ſame with the favourites
“ of nature, and thoſe of fortune, who, with the beſt
“ œconomy cannot, in the great abundance they are bleſt
“ with, attend to the minuter articles of their expence.
“ Writers of a cool imagination are cautious in their
“ management, and venture nothing, merely to gain
“ the character of being correct; but the ſublime is
“ bold and enterprizing, notwithſtanding that on every
“ advance the danger increaſeth. Here probably ſome
“ will ſay that men take a malicious ſatisfaction in ex-
“ poſing the blemiſhes of an author; that his errors are
“ never forgot, while the moſt exquiſite beauties leave
“ but very imperfect traces on the memory. To ob-
“ viate this objection, I will ſolemnly declare, that in

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, then address'd the dead.

"my criticisms on Homer and other authors, who are "universally allowed to be authentic standards of the "sublime, though I have censured their failings with "as much freedom as any one, yet I have not presumed to accuse them of voluntary faults, but have gently "remarked some little defects and negligences, which "the mind, being intent on nobler ideas, did not condescend to regard. And on these principles I will "venture to lay it down for a maxim, that the sublime, "purely on account of its grandeur, is preferable to all "other kinds of stile, however it may fall into some "inequalities. The Argonautics of Apollonius are "faultless in their kind; and Theocritus hath shewn "the happiest vein imaginable for pastorals, excepting "those in which he has deviated from the country: "and yet if it were put to your choice, would you "have your name descend to posterity with the reputation of either of those poets, rather than with that "of Homer? Nothing can be more correct than the "Erigone of Eratosthenes: but is he therefore a greater poet than Archilochus, in whose composures perspicuity and order are often wanting; the divine fury of his genius being too impatient for restraint, and "superior to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of "Bacchilides to Pindar's, or the scenes of Ion of Chios "to those of Sophocles? Their writings are allowed "to be correct, polite, and delicate; whereas, on the "other hand, Pindar and Sophocles sometimes hurry "on with the greatest impetuosity, and, like a devouring flame, seize and set on fire whatever comes in "their way; but, on a sudden, the conflagration is extinguished, and they miserably flag when no-body "expects it. Yet none have so little discernment, as

From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;

" not to prefer the ſingle Oedipus of Sophocles to all
" the tragedies that Ion ever brought on the ſtage.
" In our deciſions therefore on the characters of
" theſe great men, who have illuſtrated what is uſeful
" and neceſſary with all the graces and elevation of
" ſtile; we muſt impartially confeſs that, with all their
" errors, they have more perfections than the nature of
" man can almoſt be conceived capable of attaining:
" for it is merely human to excel in other kinds of writ-
" ing, but the ſublime ennobleth our nature, and
" makes near approaches to divinity: he who commits
" no faults, is barely read without cenſure; but a ge-
" nius truly great excites admiration. In ſhort, the
" magnificence of a ſingle period in one of theſe admi-
" rable authors, is ſufficient to atone for all their de-
" fects: nay farther, if any one ſhould collect from
" Homer, Demoſthenes, Plato, and other celebrated
" heroes of antiquity, the little errors that have eſcap-
" ed them; they would not bear the leaſt proportion
" to the infinite beauties to be met with in every page
" of their writings. It is on this account that envy,
" through ſo many ages, hath never been able to wreſt
" from them the prize of eloquence which their me-
" rits have ſo juſtly acquired: an acquiſition which
" they ſtill are, and will in all probability continue
" poſſeſſed of,

" *As long as ſtreams in ſilver mazes rove,*
" *Or ſpring with annual green renews the grove.*"

Mr. FENTON.

And upwards caſt the corps: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh battel, for the body of Patroclus: the acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires: but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battel. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.

NOTES.

This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued deſcription of a battel, without any digreſſion or

Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:

episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents, in this battel, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherewith the Greeks and Trojans were upon equal terms, before the return of Achilles: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

℣. 3. *Great Menelaus*——] The poet here takes occasion to clear Menelaus from the imputations of idle and effeminate, cast on him in some parts of the poem; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of Patroclus, and gives him the conquest of Euphorbus, who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with Patroclus, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause. Eustathius. See the Note on ℣. 271. of the third book.

Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves,

℣. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young,* etc.] In this compariſon, as Euſtathus has very well obſerved, the poet accommodating himſelf to the occaſion, means only to deſcribe the affection Menelaus had for Patroclus, and the manner in which he preſented himſelf to defend his body: and this compariſon is ſo much the more juſt and agreeable, as Meneleus was a prince full of goodneſs and mildneſs. He muſt have little ſenſe or knowlege in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be ſuppreſſed. It is true, we ſhould not uſe it now-a-days, by reaſon of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but thoſe not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper uſe of ſuch a compariſon. Dacier.

℣. idem. *Thus round her new-fall'n young,* etc.] It ſeems to me remarkable, that the ſeveral compariſons to illuſtrate the concern for Patroclus are taken from the moſt tender ſentiments of nature. Achilles, in the beginning of the ſixteenth book, conſiders him as a child, and himſelf as his mother. The ſorrow of Menelaus is here deſcribed as that of a hiefer for her young one. Perhaps theſe are deſigned to intimate the excellent temper and goodneſs of Patroclus, which is expreſſed in that fine elogy of him in this book, ℣. 671.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι,

He knew how to be good-natured to all men. This gave all mankind theſe ſentiments for him, and no doubt the ſame is ſtrongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to reſcue his body.

The diſſimilitude of manners between theſe two friends, Achilles and Patroclus, is very obſervable: ſuch friendſhips are not uncommon, and I have often

And anxious, (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſs came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:

aſſigned this reaſon for them, that it is natural for men to ſeek the aſſiſtance of thoſe qualities in others which they want themſelves. That is ſtill better if applied to providence, which aſſociates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect ſyſtem. But, whatever is cuſtomary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reaſon for it; for it affords many incidents to illuſtrate the manners of them both more ſtrongly; and is what they call a contraſte in painting.

ỳ. 11. *The ſon of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occaſion; for hardly any thing but ſuch a ſignal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus ſtand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occaſion, I think, to one of the fineſt anſwers in all Homer; in which the inſolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after ſuch a ſpeech, that would not wiſh Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greateſt injury, do the moſt revengeful actions.

To me the ſpoils my prowеſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd.
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of prоweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell,
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed.
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe.

No longer then defer the glorious ſtriſe,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.
  Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain:
Wide through the neck appears the grizly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
  As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,

ŷ. 55. *Inſtarr'd with gems of gold.*] We have ſeen here a Trojan who uſed gold and ſilver to adorn his hair; which made Pliny ſay, that he doubted whether the women were the firſt that uſed thoſe ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem* [Homerum] *virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo neſcio an prior uſus a foeminis coeperit,* lib. 33. cap. 1. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthened his doubt by the cuſtom of the Athenians, who put into their hair little graſhoppers of gold. Dacier.

ŷ. 57. *As the young olive,* etc.] This exquiſite ſimile finely illuſtrates the beauty and ſudden fall of Euphorbus, in which the alluſion to that circumſtance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. Porphyry and Jamblicus acquaint us of the particular affection Pythagoras had for theſe verſes, which he ſet to the harp,

Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies up-rooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs, and trembling ſwains retire;
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him rore,
And ſee his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;

and uſed to repeat as his own Epicedion. Perhaps it was his fondneſs of them, which put it into his head to ſay, that his ſoul tranſmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of Pythagoras is famous in antiquity, and has given occaſion to a dialogue in Lucian, entitled, *The Cock*, which is, I think, the fineſt piece of that author.

ỳ. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only Trojan whoſe death the poet laments, that he might do the more honour to Patroclus, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the poet ſpeaks of the Lapithae, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to oaks, that ſtand unmoved in ſtorms and tempeſts; and where Hector falls by Ajax, he likens him to an oak ſtruck down by Jove's thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of Euphorbus, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terror, that of the lion. Euſtathius.

All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
  Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize,
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers of ethereal race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
  Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant, view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbru'd,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.

Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour heav'n beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field:
'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heav'n, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battel on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus ——This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;

℣. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How obſervable is Homer's art of illuſtrating the valour and glory of his heroes! Menelaus, who ſees Hector and all the Trojans ruſhing upon him, would not retire if Apollo did not ſupport them; and though Apollo does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even Apollo, were Ajax but near him. This is glorious for Menelaus, and yet more glorious for Ajax, and very ſuitable to his character; for Ajax was the braveſt of the Greeks, next to Achilles. Dacier. Euſtathius.

℣. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of Menelaus is worthy notice. Homer is a great obſerver of natural imagery, that brings

He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
  To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battel, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;

the thing repreſented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beaſts of prey are the only objects that can properly repreſent warriors; and therefore it is no wonder they are ſo often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and ſtorms, are the beſt, and only images of battels.

℣. 137. *Already had ſtern Hector*, etc.] Homer takes care, ſo long before-hand, to leſſen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that Achilles will exerciſe upon the body of Hector.

But ſoon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax, his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus in the center of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battel is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;

That cruelty will be only the puniſhment of this which Hector here exerciſes upon the body of Patroclus; he drags him, he deſigns to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, expoſed to dogs and birds of prey. Euſtathius.

Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart;
(Such, as ſhould burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon' carcaſs to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain——Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;

℣. 169. ——— *You left him there*
A prey to dogs. ———]
It was highly diſhonourable in Hector to forſake the body of a friend and gueſt, and againſt the laws of Jupiter Xenius, or *hoſpitalis*. For Glaucus knew nothing of Sarpedon's being honoured with burial by the gods, and ſent embalmed into Lycia. Euſtathius.

Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
  The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate reply'd.
  Say, is it juſt, my friend, that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warrior ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax! I deſert my train!
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battel bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon' ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the ſight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
  Then turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!

℣. 193. *I ſhun great Ajax!*] Hector takes no notice of the affronts that Glaucus had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in ſome reſpect a juſt cauſe to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had ſaid of his fearing Ajax, to which part he only replies: this is very agreeable to his heroic character. Euſtathius.

Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.

He ſtrode along the field, as thus he ſaid:
(The ſable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
One inſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
The diſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore
The radiant ſpoils to ſacred Ilion bore.

℣. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine.*] The ancients have obſerved, that Homer cauſes the arms of Achilles to fall into Hector's power, to equal, in ſome ſort, thoſe two heroes, in the battel wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwiſe it might be urged, that Achilles could not have killed Hector without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a god, whereas Hector's was only of the hand of a mortal; but ſince both were clad in armour made by Vulcan, Achilles' victory will be complete, and in its full luſtre. Beſides this reaſon (which is for neceſſity and probability) there is alſo another, for ornament; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful epiſode of the divine armour, which Vulcan makes for Achilles. Euſtathius.

℣. 216. *The radiant arms to ſacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may ariſe here, and the queſtion may be aſked, why Hector ſent theſe arms to Troy? Why did not he take them at firſt? there are three anſwers, which I think are all plauſible. The firſt, that Hector having killed Patroclus, and ſeeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take thoſe arms for a fight almoſt at an end. The ſecond, that he was impatient to ſhew to Priam and Andromache thoſe glorious ſpoils.

There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The god whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he ſate,
And conſcious, look'd through all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid:

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory, and what fates attend?

Thirdly, he perhaps at firſt intended to hang them up in ſome temple. Glaucus's ſpeech makes him change his reſolution, he runs after thoſe arms to fight againſt Ajax, and to win Patroclus's body from him. Dacier.

Homer, ſays Euſtathius, does not ſuffer the arms to be carried into Troy for theſe reaſons; that Hector by wearing them might the more encourage the Trojans, and be the more formidable to the Greeks: that Achilles may recover them again when he kills Hector: and that he may conquer him, even when he is ſtrengthened with that divine armour.

℣. 231. *Jupiter's ſpeech to Hector.*] The poet prepares us for the death of Hector, perhaps to pleaſe the Greek readers, who might be troubled to ſee him ſhining in their hero's arms. Therefore Jupiter expreſſes

In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt; and armies tremble at thy ſight.
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'ſt away.
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the god.

his ſorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate prince, promiſes to repay his loſs of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He ſays, Achilles is the braveſt Greek, as Glaucus had juſt ſaid before; the poet thus giving him the greateſt commendations, by putting his praiſe in the mouth of a god, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. Euſtathius.

How beautiful is that ſentiment upon the miſerable ſtate of mankind, introduced here ſo artfully, and ſo ſtrongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the ſupreme being! And how pathetic the denunciation of Hector's death, by that circumſtance of Andromache's diſappointment, when ſhe ſhall no more receive her hero glorious from the battel, in the armour of his conquered enemy!

The ſtubborn arms, (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon he inſpires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Therſilochus like fury found,
Aſteropaeus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of diſtant lands!

ỷ. 247. *The ſtubborn arms,* etc.] The words are,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἕκτορι δ᾽ ἥρμοσε τεύχε᾽ ἐπὶ χροΐ.

If we give ἥρμοσε a paſſive ſignification, it will be, the arms fitted Hector; but if an active (as thoſe take it who would put a greater difference between Hector and Achilles) then it belongs to Jupiter: and the ſenſe will be, Jupiter made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have choſen the laſt as the more poetical ſenſe.

ỷ. 260. ——— *Unnumber'd bands*
Of neighbouring nations. ——]

Euſtathius has very well explained the artifice of this ſpeech of Hector, who indirectly anſwers all Glaucus's invectives, and humbles his vanity. Glaucus had juſt ſpoken as if the Lycians were the only allies of Troy;

'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhauſted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?

Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.

and Hector here ſpeaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expreſly deſigns by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in ſome manner to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what Glaucus ſaid, "that if the "Lycians would take his advice, they would return "home;" for he gives them to underſtand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. Dacier.

Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend,
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.
See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from heav'n!
Whom with true honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach from far,
All, whom I ſee not through this cloud of war,
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;

ỳ. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] Euſtathius gives three reaſons why Ajax bids Menelaus call the Greeks to their aſſiſtance; inſtead of calling them himſelf. He might be aſhamed to do it, leſt it ſhould look like fear, and turn to his diſhonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey Menelaus: or he had too much buſineſs of the war upon his hands, and wanted leiſure more than the other.

ỳ. 302. *Oilean Ajax firſt.*] Ajax Oileus, ſays Eu-

Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow fomes and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the rore.

Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors ſhining helms in night:

ſtathius, is the firſt that comes, being brought by his love to the other Ajax, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the aſſiſtance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come firſt, becauſe he was the ſwifteſt of all the heroes.

℣. 318. *Jove pouring darkneſs.*] Homer, who in all his former deſcriptions of battels is ſo fond of mentioning the luſtre of the arms, here ſhades them in darkneſs; perhaps alluding to the clouds of duſt that were raiſed; or to the throng of combatants; or elſe to denote the loſs of Greece in Patroclus; or laſtly, that as the heavens had mourned Sarpedon in ſhowers of blood, ſo they might Patroclus in clouds of darkneſs. Euſtathius.

To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seise the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain;
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound;
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.

Lamented youth! In life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
 Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies;
The Grecian, marking as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warrior, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing, through the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And through the wound the ruſhing entrails broke,

℣. 356. *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a ſmall town twenty ſtadia from Chaeronea, on the ſide of mount Parnaſſus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renowned*, and makes it the reſidence of Schedius, king of the Phocians; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing, in ſhort, that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a king. Pauſanias, in Phocic. gives the reaſon of; he ſays, that as Phocis was expoſed on that ſide to the inroads of the Boeotians, Schedius made uſe of Panope as a ſort of citadel, or place of arms. Dacier.

In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
  Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate;
But Phoebus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight:
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold.)
  Thus he——what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.
  Æneas through the form assum'd descries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.

℣. 375. *He seem'd like aged Periphas.*] The speech of Periphas to Æneas hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of St. Paul, after he was promised, that no-body should perish; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

Oh lasting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day.
A god, nor is he leſs, my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combate flew:
The bold example all his hoſts purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hem'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecians ſtood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:
Fixt on the ſpot they war, and wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And thick'ning round them, riſe the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combate burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host
Seem'd as extinct; day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
Their fellows routed, toss the distant spear,

℣. 422. *In one thick darkness*, etc.] The darkness spread over the body of Patroclus is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of Jupiter's love to a righteous man: but the chief design is to protract the action; which, if the Trojans had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other in a very short time. Besides, the Trojans having the better in the action, must have seized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in Homer.

℣. 436 *Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear*, etc.] It

And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corſe, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er,
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corps both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:

is not without reaſon Homer in this place makes particular mention of the ſons of Neſtor. It is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend.

ỿ. 450. *As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a moſt lively deſcription of their drawing the body on all ſides, and inſtructs in the antient manner of ſtretching hides, being firſt made ſoft and ſupple with oil. And though this compariſon be one of thoſe mean and humble ones which ſome have objected to, yet it has alſo its admirers for being ſo expreſſive, and for repreſenting to the imagination the moſt ſtrong and exact idea of the ſubject in hand. Euſtathius.

While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

℣. 458. *Not Pallas' self.*] Homer says in the original, "Minerva could not have found fault, though she "were angry." Upon which Eustathius ingeniously observes, how common and natural it is for persons in anger to turn critics, and find faults where there are none.

℣. 468. ——— *To make proud Ilion bend,*
Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him. ———]

In these words the poet artfully hints at Achilles's death; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the hopes of ever taking Troy, in his own person; however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful subject. Eustathius.

℣. 471. *The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.*] Here, says the same author, we have two rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our friends all their mis-

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt.
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans ſaid,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.

chances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as Thetis does from Achilles: the other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus Achilles, though he thought Patroclus able to drive the Trojans back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do ſo much; but only to ſave the ſhips, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admoniſhing the reader that Achilles's mother had concealed the circumſtance of the death of his friend when ſhe inſtructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that Troy could not be taken at that time; this is a great inſtance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the poem at once in his head. For upon the ſuppoſition that Achilles was inſtructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impoſſibility of Troy's being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whoſe valour he had ſo good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;
Their godlike maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.

ỹ. 484. *At diſtance from the ſcene of blood.*] If the horſes had not gone aſide out of the war, Homer could not have introduced ſo well what he deſigned to their honour. So he makes them weeping in ſecret, as their maſter Achilles uſed to do, and afterwards coming into the battel, where they are taken notice of and purſued by Hector. Euſtathius.

ỹ. 485. *The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles,* etc.] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at Jupiter's nod, the ſea parts itſelf to receive Neptune, the groves of Ida ſhake beneath Juno's feet, etc. As alſo to find inanimate or brute creatures addreſt to, as if rational: ſo Hector encourages his horſes; and one of Achilles's is not only endued with ſpeech, but with fore-knowlege of future events. Here they weep for Patroclus, and ſtand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero univerſally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loſs. Euſtathius.

As to the particular fiction of the horſes weeping, it is countenanced both by naturaliſts and hiſtorians. Ariſtotle and Pliny write, that theſe animals often deplore their maſters loſt in battel, and even ſhed tears for them. So Solinus, c. 47. Ælian relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, De Animal. lib. 10. c. 17. Suetonius in the life of Cæſar, tells us, that ſeveral horſes which, at the paſſage of the Rubicon, had been conſecrated to Mars, and turned looſe on the banks, were obſerved for ſome days after to abſtain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti conſecrarat, ac ſine cuſtode vagos*

In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man, or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,

dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissime abstinere, ubertimque flere. cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumstance in those fine lines on the horse of Pallas.

Post bellator equus, positis insignibus, Æthon
It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.

ỳ. 494. ——— *Or fix'd, as stands*
A marble courser, etc.]

Homer alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horses. This furnished Homer with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to Patroclus. Dacier.

I believe M. Dacier refines to much in this note. Homer says, —— ὣς μένει, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of Shakespear, *She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief.* —— Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.

Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war.

horſes are deſcribed, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the duſt, has an alluſion to the attitude in which those ſtatues on monuments were uſually repreſented: there are baſs-reliefs that favour this conjecture.

For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, 'till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.
What god provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

℣. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee Troy conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and oeconomy Homer conducts his fable, to bring on the cataſtrophe. Achilles muſt hear Patroclus's death; Hector muſt fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of Patroclus under the walls of Troy. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, Jupiter is going to raiſe the courage of the Trojans, and make them repulſe and chaſe the Greeks again as far as their fleet; this obliges Achilles to go forth, though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. Dacier.

In happy time, the charioteer replies,
The bold Automedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins;
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his ſide.
Lo, to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:

℣. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver ſince Alcimedon was alone upon the chariot; and Automedon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. Hector ſees Alcimedon mount the chariot, before Automedon was deſcended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to Æneas. He terms them both drivers in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the reins one after the other; as if he ſaid, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one ſingle moment that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing the point of time in which they ſpeak. Dacier.

The art of Homer, in this whole paſſage concerning

Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
 The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.

Automedon, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occaſion, for ſo renowned a perſon as the charioteer of Achilles to ſignalize his valour.

℣. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,*
In vain advance, not fated to return.]
Theſe beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with the knowlege of futurity. Thus Virgil to Turnus,

Neſcia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, etc.

So Taſſo, Cant. 12. when Argante had vowed the deſtruction of Tancred.

O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir toſto gli effetti a l' alta ſpeme:
E cader queſti in tenzon pari eſtinto
Sotto colui, ch' ei fa gia preſo, e vinto.

And Milton makes the like apoſtrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam before ſhe met the ſerpent.

——— *She to him engag'd*
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn, he said,
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;

And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
Thou never from that hour, in paradise,
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembles as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhun'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing faulchions now the chiefs had cloſ'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders ſent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.

(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattel dread th' impending skies,
And from the half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In such a form the goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battel flew.
Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls.
And lies Achilles' friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!

Oh chief! oh father! Atreus' son replies,
Oh full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet, soul all o'er,
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;

ỳ. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet*, etc.] It is literally in the Greek, *She inspired the hero with the bold-*

Bold ſon of Air and Heat, on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eetion's ſon, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Through his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phaenops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the god;
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)

neſs of a fly. There is no impropriety in the compariſon, this animal being, of all others, the moſt perſevering in its attacks, and the moſt difficult to be beaten off: the occaſion alſo of the compariſon being the reſolute perſiſtance of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it ſtill the more juſt. But our preſent idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleneſs and inſignificancy of this creature. However, ſince there is really no meanneſs in it, there ought to be none in expreſſing it; and I have done my beſt in the tranſlation to keep up the dignity of my author.

℣. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt.*] Podes the favourite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage Hector on the like occaſion with Achilles.

Oh prince, he cry'd, oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou, at length, to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled,
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded Ide, and all the ſubject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen addreſt
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breaſt;

The brittle point before his corselet yields ;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields :
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood ;
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Strook to the dust the 'squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion : Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought ; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe ;
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein :
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war ;
Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descry'd,
And conquest shifting to the Tojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon.

Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ?
Whether the weak or strong dicharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart :

Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph born,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In gen'ral darkness—Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:

ỳ. 721. *Some hero too must be dispatch'd,* etc.] It seems odd, that they did not sooner send this message to Achilles; but there is some apology for it from the darkness, and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send, but one who was a particular friend to Achilles, who might condole with him. Such was Antilochus who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being *πόδας ὠκύς*. Eustathius.

If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

ỳ. 731. *If Greece must perish, we thy will obey;*
But let us perish in the face of day!

This thought has been looked upon as one of the sublimest in Homer. Longinus represents it in this manner: "The thickest darkness had on a sudden covered "the Grecian army, and hindered them from fighting: "when Ajax, not knowing what course to take, cries "out, *Oh Jove! disperse this darkness which covers the "Greeks, and if we must perish, let us perish in the "light!* This is a sentiment truly worthy of Ajax, "he does not pray for life; that had been unworthy a "hero: but because in that darkness he could not em"ploy his valour to any glorious purpose, and vexed "to stand idle in the field of battel, he only prays that "the day may appear, as being assured of putting an "end to it worthy his great heart, though Jupiter "himself should happen to oppose his efforts."

M. l'Abbe Terasson, in his dissertation on the Iliad, endeavours to prove that Longinus has misrepresented the whole context and sense of this passage of Homer. The fact, says he, is, that Ajax is in a very different situation in Homer from that wherein Longinus describes him. He has not the least intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out some fit person to send to Achilles; and this darkness hindering him from seeing such a one, is the occasion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears, by what follows, that as soon as Jupiter had dispersed the cloud, Ajax never falls upon the enemy, but in consequence of his former thought orders Menelaus to look for Antilochus, to dispatch him to Achilles with the news of the death of his friend. Longinus, continues this author, had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the first citation from Homer which the antients have quot-

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;

ed wrong. Thus Aristotle attributes to Calypso, the words of Ulysses in the twelfth book of the Odyssey; and confounds together two passages, one of the second, the other of the fifteenth book of the Iliad. [Ethic. ad Nicom. l. 2. c. 9. and l. 3. c. 11.] And thus Cicero ascribed to Agamemnon a long discourse of Ulysses in the second Iliad; [De Divinatione, l. 2.] and cited as Ajax's, the speech of Hector in the seventh. [See Aul. Gellius, l. 15. c. 6.] One has no cause to wonder at this, since the antients having Homer almost by heart, were for that very reason the more subject to mistake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may answer, that granting it was partly the occasion of Ajax's prayer to obtain light, in order to send to Achilles, which he afterwards does, yet the thought which Longinus attributes to him, is very consistent with it; and the last line expresses nothing else but an heroic desire rather to die in the light, than escape with safety in the darkness.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν οὕτως.

But indeed the whole speech is only meant to paint the concern and distress of a brave general; the thought of sending a messenger is only a result from that concern and distress, and so but a small circumstance, which cannot be said to occasion the prayer.

Mons. Boileau has translated this passage in two lines.

Grand Dieu! chasse la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
Et combats contre nous a la clarté des cieux.

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, et combats contre nous!

But both these, as Dacier very justly observes, are con-

Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news —— Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place;
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;

trary to Homer's sense. He is far from representing Ajax of such a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combate against him; but only makes him ask for light, that if it be his will the Greeks shall perish, they may perish in open day. Καὶ ὄλεσσον —— says he; that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your assistance;* for those who are deserted by Jove must perish infallibly. This decorum of Homer ought to have been preserved.

How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
  So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aerial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
  To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tydings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witneſs'd what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn,

℣. 756. *The mildeſt manners and the gentleſt heart.*] This is a fine elogium of Patroclus: Homer dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt Achilles's character ſhould be miſtaken; and ſhews by the praiſes he beſtows here upon goodneſs, that Achilles's character is not commendable for morality. Achilles's manners, intirely oppoſite to thoſe of Patroclus, are not morally good; they are only poetically ſo, that is to ſay, they are well marked; and diſcover before-hand what reſolutions that hero will take: as hath been at large explained upon Ariſtotle's Poetics. Dacier.

This is not all: Patroclus on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more;
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corps to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.
  The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along,
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.
  Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaus ſtands,
Though ſore diſtreſt, to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thraſymede thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his Patroclus ſlain.

℣. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe.*] Homer ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horror, ſilence, weeping, and not inquiring into the manner of the friend's death: nor could Antilochus have expreſſed his ſorrow in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. Euſtathius.

℣. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.* Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haſte, but, as the antients conjecture, that he might not be thought to be abſent by the enemies; and that ſeeing his armour on ſome other perſon, they might think him ſtill in the fight. Euſtathius.

Gone is Antilochus, the hero said,
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well, said Ajax, be it then thy care
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.

ỳ. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid!*
Unarm'd ——]

This is an ingenious way of making the valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. Dacier.

Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lins ſhow'r:
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;

ỳ. 825, etc.] The heap of images which Homer throws together at the end of this book, makes the ſame action appear with a very beautiful variety. The deſcription of the burning of a city is ſhort, but very lively. That of Ajax alone bringing up the rear-guard, and ſhielding thoſe that bore the body of Patroclus from the whole Trojan hoſt, gives a prodigious idea of Ajax, and as Homer has often hinted, makes him juſt ſecond to Achilles. The image of the beam paints the great ſtature of Patroclus: that of the hill dividing the ſtream is noble and natural.

He compares the Ajaces to a boar, for their fierceneſs and boldneſs; to a long bank that keeps off the courſe of the waters, for their ſtanding firm and immoveable in the battel: thoſe that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vaſt beam through rugged paths, for their laborìouſneſs: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the Trojans to dogs, for their boldneſs; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the Greeks to a flight of ſtarlings and jays, for their timorouſneſs and ſwiftneſs. Euſtathius.

The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unweildy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lub'ring down the hill:
So theſe—Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the faulcon hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay:
Such horror Jove impreſt! Yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battel bleeds.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the Palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combate burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.

ỳ. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire*, etc.] This phrase is usual in our author, to signify a sharp battel fought

Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sate Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said. Ah what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?

with heat and fury on both parts; such an engagement like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. Eustathius.

ỳ. 6. *On hoisted yards.*] The epithet ὀρθοκραιράων in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail yards were hoisted up, and Achilles's ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the Greeks; he meant to leave them as soon as Patroclus returned; he still remembered what he told the embassadors in the ninth book; ỳ. 360. *To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his resolution: this circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

ỳ. 7. *Pensive he sat.*] Homer in this artful manner prepares Achilles for the fatal message, and gives him these forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected.

His expressions are suitable to his concern, and delivered confusedly. "I bad him, says he, after he "had saved the ships, and repulsed the Trojans, to re-"turn back, and not engage himself too far." Here he breaks off, when he should have added; "But he "was so unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reasoning with himself, Antilochus comes in, which makes him leave the sense imperfect. Eustathius.

Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
So Thetis warn'd, when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
  Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!

℣. 15. ——— *Fulfill'd is that decree;*
Slain is the warrior, and Patroclus he!] It may be objected, that Achilles ſeems to contradict what had been ſaid in the foregoing book, that Thetis concealed from her ſon the death of Patroclus in her prediction. Whereas here he ſays, that ſhe had foretold he ſhould loſe the braveſt of the Theſſalians. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is ſtill more agreeable to the haſty and inconſiderate temper of Achilles not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine preſcience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they muſt hinder their own accompliſhment.

℣. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus!*] This ſpeech of Antilochus ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair of the death of Patroclus, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt of his body, and his arms in the poſſeſſion of his enemy. Beſides, it ſhould be obſerved,

Dead is Patroclus! For his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horror ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;

that grief has ſo crouded his words, that in theſe two verſes he leaves the verb *ἀμφιμάχονται, they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. Homer obſerves this brevity upon all the like occaſions. The Greek tragic poets have not always imitated this diſcretion. In great diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a meſſenger who begins a long ſtory with pathetic deſcriptions; he ſpeaks without being heard; for the perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf has no time to attend him: the firſt word, which diſcovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the reſt. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 25. *A ſudden horror*, etc.] A modern French writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, in relation to the deaths of Patroclus ahd of Pallas. The latter is killed by Turnus, as the former by Hector; Turnus triumphs in the ſpoils of the one, as Hector is clad in the arms of the other; Æneas revenges the death of Pallas by that of Turnus, as Achilles the death of Patroclus by that of Hector. The grief of Achilles in Homer, on the ſcore of Patroclus, is much greater than that of Æneas in Virgil for the ſake of Pallas. Achilles gives himſelf up to deſpair, with a weakneſs which Plato could not pardon in him, and which can only be excuſed on account of the long and cloſe friendſhip between them: that of Æneas is more diſcreet, and ſeems more worthy of a hero. It was not poſſible that Æneas could be ſo deeply intereſted for any man, as Achilles was intereſted for Patroclus: for Virgil had no colour to kill Aſcanius, who was little more than a child; beſides, that his hero's intereſt in the war of Italy was great enough of itſelf, not to need to be ani-

Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

mated by ſo touching a concern as the fear of loſing his ſon. On the other hand, Achilles having but very little perſonal concern in the war of Troy (as he had told Agamemnon in the beginning of the poem) and knowing, beſides, that he was to periſh there, requir-ed ſome very preſſing motive to engage him to perſiſt in it, after ſuch diſguſts and inſults as he had received. It was this which made it neceſſary for thoſe two great poets to treat a *ſubject ſo much in its own nature alike*, in a manner ſo different. But as Virgil found it ad-mirable in Homer, he was willing to approach it, as near as the oeconomy of his work would permit.

℣. 27. *Caſt on the ground*, etc.] This is a fine pic-ture of the grief of Achilles: we ſee on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, in his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: beſide him ſtands Antilochus, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image.

The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watry train,
The mother goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce, ev'ry wat'ry name,
Neſaea mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoe and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actaea and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Ampithoe gay:
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,

ỳ. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of Patroclus, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and ſlavery. Euſtathius.

And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iaera now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed:
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Maera, Amphinome, the train extend.
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
'Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main?
How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.

℣. 75. *Like some fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This passage, where the mother compares her son to a tender plant, raised and preserved with care; has a most remarkable resemblance to that in the Psalms, *Thy children like branches of olive trees round thy table.* Psalm cxxvii.

Hear how his ſorrows echoe through the ſhore !
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore ;
I *go* at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.
  She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land ;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd ;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the ſilver-footed dame began.
  Why mourns my ſon ? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The god has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt :
Why mourns my ſon ? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
  He, deeply groaning —— To this cureleſs grief
Not ev'n the thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus ——Ah !——ſay, goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now ? revenge itſelf is loſt ;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain !
Loſt are thoſe arms the gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love :

Oh had'ſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſu'd the pleaſures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offspring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows ſhall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!

℣. 100, 125. *The two ſpeeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not poſſible to imagine more lively and beautiful ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, than thoſe which our author aſcribes to Achilles throughout theſe admirable ſpeeches. They contain all, that the trueſt friend, the moſt tender ſon, and the moſt generous hero, could think or expreſs in this delicate and affecting circumſtance. He ſhews his exceſs of love to his mother, by wiſhing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than ſhe ſhould have endured ſo many ſufferings on his account: he ſhews no leſs love for his friend, in reſolving to revenge his death upon Hector, though his own would immediately follow. We ſee him here ready to meet his fate for the ſake of his friend, and in the Odyſſey we find him wiſhing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour againſt his enemies. Thus he va-

When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! Achilles made reply.
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me — But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:

lues neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encreaſe of his glory.

After having calmly conſidered the preſent ſtate of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himſelf under it, by a reflection on thoſe great men, whom neither their illuſtrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could ſave from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whoſe buſineſs it was in peace to ſing their praiſes, and in war to imitate their actions. Achilles, like a man paſſionate of glory, takes none but the fineſt models; he thinks of Hercules, who was the ſon of Jupiter, and who had filled the univerſe with the noiſe of his immortal actions: theſe are the ſentiments of a real hero. Euſtathius.

℣. 137. *Let me——But oh! ye gracious pow'rs,* etc.] Achilles's words are theſe; "Now ſince I am never to "return home, and ſince I lie here an uſeleſs perſon

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past —— I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes —— I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or, if the gods ordain it, meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.

" losing my best friend, and exposing the Greeks to so " many dangers by my own folly; I who am superior " to them all in battel — Here he breaks off, and says, —— May contention perish everlastingly, etc. Achilles leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said, —— " Since I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him:" nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in battel; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing, at the same time, that many exceeded him in speaking: unless one may take this as said in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

Orabunt caussas melius ——— etc.

So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to tickle from her eyes!
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms——
In vain you hold me——Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, Achilles ſwells the tide.

My ſon (Coerulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But can'ſt thou, naked, iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.

ỷ. 153. *Let me this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. Euſtathius.

ỷ. 162. *That all ſhall know, Achilles.*] There is a great ſtreſs on δηρὸν and ἐγώ. They ſhall ſoon find that their victories have been owing to the *long abſence* of a hero, and that hero Achilles. Upon which the ancients have obſerved, that ſince Achilles's anger there

Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms, a glorious load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.
  Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train.
  Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend,
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend,
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire——This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the gods.
  And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:

paſt in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that ſo ſhort a time as this might well ſeem long to Achilles, who thought all unactive hours tedious and inſupportable; and if the poet himſelf had ſaid that Achilles was long abſent, he had not ſaid it becauſe a great many days had paſt, but becauſe ſo great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. Euſtathius.

℣. 171. ——— This promiſe of Thetis to preſent her ſon with a ſuit of armour, was the moſt artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his reſolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he muſt have done: therefore the interpoſition of Thetis here was abſolutely neceſſary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was born.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires;
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he born away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below,
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.

Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:

A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent, if yet you think of fame,
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!

Who ſends thee, goddeſs! from th' etherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.
I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal empreſs of the realms above.
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries, with fury warm'd,
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?

℣. 219. *Who ſends thee, goddeſs,* etc.] Achilles is amazed, that a moment after the goddeſs his mother had forbid him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary order from the gods: therefore he aſks, what god ſent her? Dacier.

℣. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected againſt Homer, that ſince Patroclus took Achilles's armour, Achilles could not want arms ſince he had thoſe of Patroclus; but (beſides that Patroclus might have given his armour to his ſquire Automedon, the better to deceive the Trojans by making them take Automedon for Patroclus, as they took Patroclus for Achilles) this objection may be very ſolidly anſwered by ſaying that Homer has prevented it, ſince he made Achilles's armour fit Patroclus's body not without a miracle, which the gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that becauſe the armour of a large man fits one that is ſmaller, the armour of a little man ſhould fit one that is larger. Euſtathius.

Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
'Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield?
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menoetius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
  Thy want of arms, ſaid Iris, well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!

℣. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield.*] Achilles ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as Ajax: yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his great ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. This paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of Achilles againſt the critics, to ſhew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection.

℣. 236. *But though unarm'd.*] A hero ſo violent and ſo outragious as Achilles, and who had but juſt loſt the man he loved beſt in the world, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the enemy, for the ſingle reaſon of having no armour. Grief and deſpair in a great ſoul are not ſo prudent and reſerved; but then, on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf into the midſt of ſo many enemies armed and fluſhed with victory. Homer gets out of this nice circumſtance with great dexterity, and gives to Achilles's character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either againſt reaſon or probability. He judiciouſly feigns, that Juno ſent this order to Achilles, for Juno is the goddeſs

Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.

She ſpoke, and paſt in air. The hero roſe;
Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies;

of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inſpires them with the ſenſe of what they owe to their dignity and character. Dacier.

℣. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly Homer carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſes one great idea upon another, to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of Achilles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their purſuit of it in the mere thought that *Achilles ſees them*: In the ſixteenth, they are put into the utmoſt conſternation at the ſight of his armour and chariot: in the ſeventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in deſpair, on the conſideration that Achilles cannot ſuccour them for want of armour: in the preſent book, beyond all expectation he does but ſhew himſelf unarmed, and the very ſight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation!

℣. 246. *The ſmokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but ſmoke, and in the night flames are viſible becauſe of the darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid

(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendors riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,

in Exodus, 'That God led his people in the day with 'a pillar of ſmoke, and in the night with a pillar of 'fire.' *Per diem in columna nubis, et per noctem in columna ignis.* Dacier.

℣. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. Dacier.

℣. 259. *As the loud trumpet's*, etc.] I have already obſerved, that when the poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allowed to take his compariſons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows a compariſon from the trumpet, as he has elſewere done from ſaddle-horſes, though neither one nor the other were uſed in Greece at the time of the Trojan

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living light'nings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.

war. Virgil was leſs exact in this reſpect, for he deſcribes the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of Troy:

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates Miſenus as the trumpeter of Æneas. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from thoſe heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. But a poet had better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an obſervation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in uſe at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpoſe in this place. The terror raiſed by the voice of his hero, is much the more ſtrongly imaged by a ſound that was unuſual, and capable of ſtriking more from its very novelty.

A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead.
Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war,
Unhappy change! now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
In Ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding, for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave.)
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.

I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;

℣. 315. *If but the morrow's ſun,* etc.] Polydamas ſays in the original, "If Achilles comes to-morrow in "his armour." There ſeems to lie an objection againſt this paſſage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he muſt alſo know, that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Thoſe who are reſolved to defend Homer, may anſwer, it was by his ſkill in prophecy; but to me this ſeems to be a ſlip of our author's memory, and one of thoſe little nods which Horace ſpeaks of.

Let us on counfel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks fhall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, fhall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thoufand circles round the plain,
Till his fpent courfers feek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs fhall tear him ere he fack the town.
Return! (faid Hector, fir'd with ftern difdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?

℣. 333. *The fpeech of Hector.*] Hector in this fevere anfwer to Polydamas, takes up feveral of his words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had faid, Πρωῒ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες στησόμεθ' ἂν πύργους, "To-morrow by break of "day let us put on our arms, and defend the caftles "and city walls;" to which Hector replies, Πρωῒ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα, "To-morrow by break of day let "us put on our arms, not to defend ourfelves at home, "but to fight the Greeks before their own fhips."

Polydamas, fpeaking of Achilles, had faid, τῷ δ' ἄλγιον αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσιν, etc. "If he comes after we are with-"in the walls of our city, it will be the worfe for him, "for he may drive round the city long enough before "he can hurt us." To which Hector anfwers, If Achilles fhould come, Ἄλγιον, αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσεται· ὄ μιν ἔγωγε φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, etc. "It will be the "worfe for him as you fay, becaufe I will fight him:" ὄ μιν ἔγωγε φεύξομαι, fays Hector, in reply to Polydamas's faying, ὅσ κε φύγῃ. But Hector is not fo far gone

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Maeonia waſts the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;

in paſſion or pride, as to forget himſelf; and accordingly in the next lines he modeſtly puts it in doubt, which of them ſhall conquer. Euſtathius.

℣ 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from Phrygia and Maeonia. Hector's meaning is, that ſince all the riches of Troy are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves, or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. Dacier.

℣. 349. *If there be one, etc.*] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of Hector, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. Euſtathius farther obſerves that it is ſaid with an eye to

'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd;
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind,
To their own ſenſe condemn'd! and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.

While the long Night extends their ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars through the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,

Polydamas, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other end than to preſerve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds ;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles ; and impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.
  In what vain promiſe, gods ! did I engage ?
When to conſole Menoetius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils to fair Opuntia's ſhore !
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor deſigning man !
One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike :
Me too a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more !
Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.

ỳ. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquiſitely touched : it is ſorrow in the extreme, but the ſorrow of Achilles. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this ſpeech. One would think by the beginning of it, that Achilles did not know his fate, till after his departure from Opuntium ; and yet how does that agree with what is ſaid of his choice of the ſhort and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one ? Or did not he flatter himſelf ſometimes, that his fate might be changed ? This may be conjectured from ſeveral other paſſages, and is indeed the moſt natural ſolution.

Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.

He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

ỳ. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe*, etc.] This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the neareſt friend or relation, to ſee it waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno in the realms above,
His wife and ſiſter, ſpoke almighty Jove.
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say, for I know not, is their race divine,
And thou the mother of the martial line?

What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's queen, and conſort of the thund'ring Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Meanwhile the ſilver-footed dame,
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the work divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.

℣. 417. *Jupiter and Juno.*] Virgil has copied the ſpeech of Juno to Jupiter. *Aſt ego quae divum incedo regina,* etc. But it is exceeding remarkable, that Homer ſhould, upon every occaſion, make marriage and diſcord inſeparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the huſband and wife in a quarrel.

There the lame architect the goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew,
And puffing loud, the roring bellows blew,
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,

℣. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were veſſels ſupported on three feet, with handles on the ſides; they were of ſeveral kinds and for ſeveral uſes; ſome were conſecrated to ſacrifices, ſome uſed as tables, ſome as ſeats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houſes or temples; theſe of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not uſual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monſ. Dacier has commented very well on this paſſage. If Vulcan, ſays he, had made ordinary tripods, they had not anſwered the greatneſs, power and ſkill of a god. It was therefore neceſſary that this work ſhould be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this Homer doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully perſuaded, that a god can do things more difficult than theſe, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been ſaid of the ſtatues of Daedalus? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got looſe, and run from their maſter. If a writer in proſe can ſpeak hyperbolically of a man, may not Homer do it much more of a god? Nay, this circumſtance with which Homer has embelliſhed his poem, would have had nothing too ſurprizing though theſe tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of ſprings? This criticiſm is then ill grounded, and Homer does not deſerve the ridicule they would caſt on him.

That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
Wond'rous to tell, inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddeſs came:

The ſame author applies to this paſſage of Homer that rule of Ariſtotle, Poetic. cap. 26. which deſerves to be alleged at large on this occaſion.

" When a poet is accuſed of ſaying any thing that " is impoſſible; we muſt examine that impoſſibility, " either with reſpect to *poetry*, with reſpect to that " which is *beſt*, or with reſpect to *common fame*. " Firſt, with regard to poetry. The *probable im-* " *poſſible* ought to be preferred to the *poſſible* which " hath no veriſimilitude, and which would not be be- " lieved; and it is thus that Zeuxis painted his pieces. " Secondly, with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, we ſee " that a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this " way, and that the originals ought always to ſurpaſs. " Laſtly, in reſpect to *fame*, it is proved that the poet " need only follow a common opinion. All that ap- " pears abſurd may be alſo juſtified by one of theſe " three ways; or elſe by the maxim we have already " laid down, that it is probable, that a great many " things may happen againſt probability."

A late critic has taken notice of the conformity of this paſſage of Homer with that in the firſt chapter of Ezekiel, *The ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels: when thoſe went, theſe went; and when thoſe ſtood, theſe ſtood; and when thoſe were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over againſt them; for the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the wat'ry queen addreſs'd.
 What, goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
'Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.
 High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.

℣. 459. *A footſtool at her feet.*] It is at this day the uſual honour paid amongſt the Greeks, to viſiters of ſuperior quality, to ſet them higher than the reſt of the company, and put a footſtool under their feet. See note on ℣. 179. book. 14. This, with innumerable other cuſtoms, are ſtill preſerved in the eaſtern nations.

℣. 460. *Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.*] The ſtory the ancients tell of Plato's application of this verſe, is worth obſerving. That great philoſopher had in his youth a ſtrong inclination to poetry, and not being ſatisfied to compoſe little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry; but the ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of Homer, and was very ſenſible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a ſort of writing wherein at beſt he could only be the ſecond, and turned his views to another, wherein he deſpaired not to become the firſt. His anger tranſported him ſo far, as to caſt all his verſes into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verſe of the very poet who had cauſed his chagrin.

Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!

It was the preſent line, which Homer has put into the mouth of Charis, when Thetis demands arms for Achilles.

Ἥφαιςε πρόμολ' ὧδε, Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο χατίζει.

Plato only inſerted his own name inſtead of that of Thetis.

Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Plato aſks your aid.

If we credit the antients, it was the diſcontentment his own poetry gave him, that raiſed in him all the indignation he afterwards expreſſed againſt the art itſelf. In which, ſay they, he behaved like thoſe lovers, who ſpeak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. et de Platon.

ỷ. 461. *Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,* etc.] Vulcan throws by his work to perform Thetis's requeſt, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

The motives which ſhould engage a god in a new work in the night-time upon a ſuit of armour for a mortal, ought to be ſtrong: and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: beſides, they afford at the ſame time a noble occaſion for Homer to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of Vulcan, or fire, according to Heraclides, is this. His father is Jupiter, or the Æther, his mother Juno, or the Air, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning, or otherwiſe. He is ſaid to be lame, that is, to want ſupport, becauſe he cannot ſubſiſt without the continual ſubſiſtence of fuel. The aethereal fire Homer calls Sol or Jupiter, the inferior Vulcan; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;

is ſubject to decay, and is reſtored by acceſſion of materials. Vulcan is ſaid to fall from heaven, becauſe at firſt, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not ſo frequent, men prepared inſtruments of braſs, by which they collected the beams of the ſun; or elſe they gained it from accidental lightning, that ſet fire to ſome combuſtible matter. Vulcan had periſhed when he fell from heaven, unleſs Thetis and Eurynome had received him; that is, unleſs he had been preſerved by falling into ſome convenient receptacle, or ſubterranean place; and ſo was afterwards diſtributed for the common neceſſities of mankind. To underſtand theſe ſtrange explications, it muſt be known that Thetis is derived from τίθημι to *lay up*, and Eurynome from εὐρὺς and νομὴ, a *wide diſtribution*. They are called daughters of the ocean, becauſe the vapours and exhalations of the ſea forming themſelves into clouds, find nouriſhment for lightnings.

While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and, in order laid,
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the ſovereign of the fire;
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold:
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame.

℣. 488. ———— *Two female forms,*
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold.] It is very probable, that Homer took the idea of theſe from the ſtatues of Daedalus, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it ſhould ſeem, that the excellency of Daedalus conſiſted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by ſprings, rather than in ſculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himſelf and his ſon, is formed intirely upon the foundation of the former.

Thee, welcome goddeſs! what occaſion calls,
So long a ſtranger, to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
O Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:

℣. 517. *Robb'd of the prize,* etc.] Thetis to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the Greeks had ſuffered after their re-

For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks oppreſt,
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain —— He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combates, almoſt conquers Troy:
Then ſlain by Phoebus, Hector had the name,
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
  To her the artiſt-god. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

turn of the embaſſadors; and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the Greeks, but he ſent Patroclus. Now, between his refuſing to help the Greeks, and his ſending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that god an averſion to her ſon. Euſtathius.

℣. 525. *Then ſlain by Phoebus, Hector had the name.*] It is a paſſage worth taking notice of, that Brutus is ſaid to have conſulted the Sortes Homericae, and to have drawn one of theſe lines, wherein the death of Patroclus is aſcribed to Apollo: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that god for the word of battel. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by ſome of the ancients, though I forget where I met with it.

O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze,
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the back labours of his forge retires.

ỳ. 537. *The father of the fires*, etc.] The antients, ſays Euſtathius, have largely celebrated the philoſophical myſteries which they imagined to be ſhadowed under theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially Damo, ſuppoſed the daughter of Pythagoras, whoſe explication is as follows. Thetis, who receives the arms, means the apt order and diſpoſition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raiſed by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire* the moſt active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are thoſe golden maids that waited on Vulcan. The circular ſhield is the *world*, being of a ſpherical figure. The gold, the braſs, the ſilver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm braſs is earth, the ſilver is air, and the ſoft tin, water. And thus far, ſay they, Homer ſpeaks a little obſcurely, but afterwards he names them expreſly ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you muſt add Vulcan, who makes the ſhield. The extreme circle that run round the ſhield which he calls *ſplendid* and *threefold*, is the zodiac; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; ſplendid, becauſe the ſun paſſes always through the midſt of it. The ſilver handle by which the ſhield is faſtened, at both extremities, is the axis of the world, imagined to paſs through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are thoſe parallel circles that divide the world, the polar, the tropics, and the æquator.

Heraclides Ponticus thus purſues the allegory. Homer, ſays he, makes the working of his ſhield, that is,

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,

the world, to be begun by Night; as indeed all matter lay undistinguished in an original and universal Night; which is called Chaos by the poets.

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, Vulcan presides over the work, or, as we may say, an essential warmth: *All things*, says Heraclitus, *being made by the operation of fire.*

And because the architect is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the Graces.

On the broad shield the maker's hand engraves
The earth and seas beneath, the pole above,
The sun unwearied, and the circled moon.

Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the Sun, the Moon,

And all those stars that crown the skies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the stars like Aratus, who professed to write upon them, yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two allegorical cities, one of Peace, the other of War: Empidocles seems to have taken from Homer his assertion, that all things had their original from Strife and Friendship.

All these refinements, not to call them absolute whimsies, I leave just as I found them, to the reader's judg-

Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield;
Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its outmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round,
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon completely round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,

ment or mercy. They call it learning to have read them, but I fear it is folly to quote them.

Still shines exalted on th' aethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

℣. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The critics make use of this passage, to prove that Homer was ignorant of astronomy; since he believed that the Bear was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctic circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of Cepheus, *etc.* To salve Homer, Aristotle answers, That he calls it the only one, to shew that it is the only one of those constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *most known*. Strabo justifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his first book: "Under the name of the Bear and the Chariot, "Homer comprehends all the arctic circle; for there "being several other stars in that circle which never "set, he could not say, that the Bear was the only "one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; where-"fore those are deceived, who accuse the poet of ig-"norance, as if he knew one Bear only when there are "two; for the lesser was not distinguished in his "time. The Phoenicians were the first who observed "it, and made use of it in their navigation; and the "figure of that sign passed from them to the Greeks: "the same thing happened in regard to the constellati-"on of Berenice's hair, and that of Canopus, which "received those names very lately; and as Aratus says "well, there are several other stars which have no "names. Crates was then in the wrong to endeavour "to correct this passage, in putting οἶος for οἴη, for he "tries to avoid that which there is no occasion to a-"void. Heraclitus did better, who put the Bear for "the Arctic circle, as Homer has done. *The Bear*, "says he, *is the limit of the rising and setting of the*

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of Peace, and one of War;

" *ſtars*." Now, it is the Arctic circle, not the Bear, which is that limit. " It is therefore evident, that " by the word *Bear*, which he calls the *Waggon*, and " which he ſays obſerves Orion, he underſtands the " arctic circle; that by the ocean he means the hori- " zon where the ſtars riſe and ſet; and by thoſe words, " *which turns in the ſame place, and doth not bathe itſelf* " *in the ocean*, he ſhews that the arctic circle is the " moſt northern part of the horizon, *etc*." Dacier on Ariſt.

Monſ. Teraſſon combates this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewiſe perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where Homer writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether Homer knew that the Bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notice of it.

ỿ. 567. *Two cities*, etc.] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of peace: and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than Marriages and Juſtice. It is ſaid this city was Athens, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by Cecrops; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of Attica ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Euſtathius.

Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymenaeal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Through the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.

There, in the forum ſwarm a num'rous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bad the public and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand;
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſceptres in their hands;
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;

℣. 579. *The fine diſcharg'd.*] Murder was not always puniſhed with death, or ſo much as baniſhment; but when ſome fine was paid, the criminal was ſuffered to remain in the city. So Iliad 9.

——— Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο
Ποινὴν, ἢ οὗ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας.

——————— *If a brother bleed,*
On juſt atonement we remit the deed,
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives,
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

Alternate, each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.

Another part, a proſpect diff'ring far,
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.

ỳ. 509. *The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.*] Euſtathius informs us, that it was antiently the cuſtom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the beſt ſentence. M. Dacier oppoſes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the perſon who, upon the deciſion of the ſuit, appeared to have the juſteſt cauſe. The difference between theſe two cuſtoms, in the reaſon of the thing, is very great: for the one muſt have been an encouragement to juſtice, the other a provocation to diſſenſion. It were to be wanting in due reverence to the wiſdom of the antients, and of Homer in particular, not to chuſe the former ſenſe: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ableſt judge, as well as the beſt practiſer, of equity, my lord Harcourt, at whoſe ſeat I tranſlated this book.

ỳ. 591. *Another part, a proſpect diff'ring far,* etc.] The ſame Agallias cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleuſina, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are ſet before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here is, in the ſpace of thirty lines, a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurprize of a convoy, and a battel; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance proper to any of theſe, omitted.

Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare :
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour : theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head !
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow-moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden ; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And all, amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains !
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear ;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war ;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood ;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention ſtood confeſt ;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,

℣. 619. *There Tumult*, etc.] This is the firſt place in the whole deſcription of the buckler, where Homer riſes

One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcaſſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.

A field deep furrow'd, next the god deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;

in his ſtile, and uſes the allegorical ornaments of poetry; ſo natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting ſcenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battel was preſented to it.

℣. 627. *A field deep furrow'd*, etc.] Here begin the deſcriptions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a maſter as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpoſe to rival his contemporary Heſiod, on thoſe very ſubjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occaſion, I muſt take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly aſcribed to Heſiod, under the title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέους. Some of the ancients mention ſuch a work as Heſiod's, but that amounts to no proof that this is the ſame: which indeed is not an expreſs poem upon the ſhield of Hercules, but a fragment of the ſtory of that hero. What regards the ſhield is a manifeſt copy from this of Achilles; and conſequently it is not of Heſiod. For if he was not more ancient, he was at leaſt contemporary with Homer: and neither of them could be ſuppoſed to borrow ſo ſhameleſly from the other, not only the plan of entire deſcriptions, (as thoſe of the marriage, the harveſt, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, *etc.*) but alſo whole verſes together: thoſe of the Parcæ, in the battel, are repeated word for word,

The ſhining ſhares full many plowmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry ſide.

——— ——— ἐν δ' ὀλοὴ Κὴρ,
Ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
Ἄλλον τεθνειῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν.
Εἷμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a ſort of Cento compoſed out of Homer's verſes. The reader need only caſt an eye upon theſe two deſcriptions, to ſee the vaſt difference of the original and the copy, and I dare ſay he will readily agree with the ſentiment of monſieur Dacier, in applying to them that famous verſe of Sannazarius,

Illum hominem dices, hunc poſuiſſe Deum.

℣. idem.] I ought not to forget the many apparent alluſions to the deſcriptions on this ſhield, which are to be found in thoſe pictures of Peace and War, the City and Country, in the eleventh book of Milton: who was doubtleſs fond of any occaſion to ſhew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all theſe lively images. He makes his angels paint thoſe objects which he ſhews to Adam, in the colours, and almoſt the very ſtrokes of Homer. Such is that paſſage of the harveſt field,

His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New-reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds.
In midſt an altar, as the land-mark, ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord, etc.

That of the marriages,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke

Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews the toil,
Then back the turning plow-ſhares cleave the ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd,
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
  Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:

Hymen (then firſt to marriage rites invok'd)
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a tranſlation of our author.

One way a band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, acroſs the plain,
Their booty: ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray,
With cruel tournament the ſquadrons join
Where cattel paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes and arms th' enſanguin'd field
Deſerted.——Others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, encamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire:
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
  In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard ——

Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are born,
(Too ſhort to grip them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim-ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens care.
  Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' incloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.

℣. 645. *The ruſtic monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon, in thoſe days, to ſee his harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures.

To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold
Rear high their horns, and seem to lowe in gold,

ỳ. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original: that which I have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of Herodotus, lib. 2. and Pausanias, Boeoticis. Linus was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure amongst the Grecians: he past for the son of Apollo or Mercury, and was præceptor to Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. There was a solemn custom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their first poet: Pausanius informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the muses on mount Helicon, the obsequies of Linus were performed, who had a statue, and altar erected to him, in that place. Homer alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry. Virgil has done the same in that fine celebration of him, Eclog. 6.

Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis:
Ut Linus haec illi, divino carmine, pastor
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixerit ——— etc.

And again in the fourth Eclogue;

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

And ſpeed to meadows on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent through the ruſhes rores:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardian ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs complete the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd;
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood,
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs, oft chear'd in vain, deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair foreſts, and a length of meads:

℣. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the Pyrrhic and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this deſcription. We ſee the Pyrrhic, or military, is performed by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the antient ſcoliaſt ſays, that whereas before it was the cuſtom for men and women to dance ſeparately, the contrary cuſtom was afterwards brought in, by ſeven youths, and as many virgins, who were ſaved by Theſeus from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by Daedalus: to which Homer here alludes. See Dion. Halic. Hiſt. l. 7. c. 68.

It is worth obſerving, that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly: by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs: and towards the concluſion, they ſing, as it is ſaid here, in a general chorus.

And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cotts between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds; ſuch one was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Daedalean art. A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand;
The maids in ſoft cymarrs of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt;
Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreath inroll'd,
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around;
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.
Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

ỳ. 702. ——— *And pour'd the ocean round.*] Vulcan was the god of fire, and paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon Virgil, to take a different walk, makes half his deſcription of

In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's uſe requires
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt,
At Thetis's feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aereal way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent through the ſkies.

Æneas's buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his games, more than any other, becauſe Homer had deſcribed nothing of this kind at the funeral of Patroclus.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of *ACHILLES.*

THE poet intending to ſhew, in its full luſtre, his genius for deſcription makes choice of this interval from action and the leiſure of the night, to diſplay that talent at large in the famous buckler of Achilles. His intention was no leſs than to draw the picture of the whole world in this compaſs of this ſhield. We ſee firſt the univerſe in general; the heavens are ſpread, the ſtars are hung up, the earth is ſtretched forth, the ſeas are poured round: we next ſee the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of thoſe labours, in the harveſts and the vintages; the paſtoral life in its pleaſures, and its dangers: in a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diverſions of mankind. This noble and comprehenſive deſign he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the antients: and how right an idea they had of this grand deſign, may be judged from that verſe of Ovid, Metamorph. 13. where he calls it,

——*Clypeus vaſti caelatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed aſtoniſhing, how, after this, the arrogance of ſome moderns could unfortunately chuſe the nobleſt

part of the nobleſt poet for the object of their blind cenſures. Their criticiſms, however juſt enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmoſt weak and impotent.

——poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt
Mortalis mucro, glacies ſeu futilis, icta
Diſſiluit ———

I deſign to give the reader the ſum of what has been ſaid on this ſubject. Firſt, a reply to the looſe and ſcattered objections of the critics, by M. Dacier: then the regular plan and diſtribution of the ſhield, by Monſ. Boivin: and laſtly, I ſhall attempt, what has not yet been done, to conſider it as a work of painting, and prove it, in all reſpects, conformable to the moſt juſt ideas and eſtabliſhed rules of that art.

I. It is the fate, ſays M. Dacier, of theſe arms of Achilles, to be ſtill the occaſion of quarrels and diſputes. Julius Scaliger was the firſt who appeared againſt this part, and was followed by a whole herd. Theſe object, in the firſt place, that it is impoſſible to repreſent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn alſo the ſubject, which they ſay is trivial, and not well underſtood. It is certain that Homer ſpeaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: and ſome of the antients taking his expreſſions to the ſtrictneſs of the letter, did really believe that they had all ſorts of motion. Euſtathius ſhewed the abſurdity of that ſentiment by a paſſage of Homer himſelf; "That poet, ſays he, to "ſhew that his figures are not animated, as ſome have "pretended by an exceſſive affection for the prodigious, "took care to ſay that they *moved and fought*, as if "*they were living men.*" The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of Ariſtotle: for they thought the poet could not make his deſcription

more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, ſince, as Ariſtotle ſays, the *original ſhould always excel the copy*. That ſhield is the work of a god: it is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impoſſible to the gods. But they did not perceive, that by this Homer would have fallen into an extravagant *admirable* which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any neceſſity Euſtathius adds, "That "it is poſſible all thoſe figures did not ſtick cloſe to the "ſhield, but that they were detached from it, and "moved by ſprings, in ſuch a manner that they appeared to have motion; as Æſchylus has feigned "ſomething like it, in his *ſeven captains againſt Thebes*." But without having recourſe to that conjecture, we can ſhew, that there is nothing more ſimple and natural than the deſcription of that ſhield, and there is not one word which Homer might not have ſaid of it, if it had been the work of a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itſelf, and the deſcription of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame Homer. They ſay he deſcribes two towns on his ſhield which *ſpeak different languages*. It is the Latin tranſlation, and not Homer, that ſays ſo; the word μερόπων, is a common epithet of men, and which ſignifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. Theſe towns could not ſpeak different languages, ſince, as the antients have remarked, they were Athens and Eleuſina, both which ſpake the ſame language. But though that epithet ſhould ſignify, *which ſpoke different languages*, there would be nothing very ſurprizing; for Virgil ſaid what Homer, it ſeems, muſt not:

> *Victae longo ordine gentes,*
> *Quam variae linguis.*—— Æn. 8.

If a painter ſhould put into a picture one town of France

and another of Flanders, might not one ſay they were two towns which ſpake different languages?

Homer, they tell us, ſays in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: he only ſays, *two men pleaded*, that is, were repreſented pleading. Was not the ſame ſaid by Pliny of Nicomachus, that he had painted two Greeks, which ſpake one after another? Can we expreſs ourſelves otherwiſe of theſe two arts, which, though they are mute, yet have a language? Or, in explaining a painting of Raphael or Pouſſin, can we prevent animating the figures, in making them ſpeak conformably to the deſign of the painter? But how could the engraver repreſent thoſe young ſhepherds and virgins that dance firſt in a ring, and then in ſetts? Or thoſe troops which were in ambuſcade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his perſons appear in different circumſtances. All the objections againſt the young man who ſings at the ſame time that he plays on the harp, the bull that rores whilſt he is devoured by a lion, and againſt the muſical conſorts, are childiſh; for we can never ſpeak of painting if we baniſh thoſe expreſſions. Pliny ſays of Apelles, that he painted Clytus on horſeback going to battel, and demanding his helmet of his ſquire: of Ariſtides, that he drew a beggar whom he could almoſt underſtand, *pene cum voce*: of Cteſilochus, that he had painted Jupiter bringing forth Bacchus, and crying out like a woman, *et muliebriter ingemiſcentem*: and of Nicearchus, that he had drawn a piece, in which Hercules was ſeen very melancholy on reflection of his madneſs, *Herculem triſtem, inſaniae poenitentia*. No one ſure will condemn thoſe ways of expreſſion which are ſo common. The ſame author has ſaid much more of Apelles: he tells us, he painted thoſe things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quae pingi non poſſunt*: and of Timanthus, that in all his works there was ſomething more underſtood than was ſeen; and though there was all the

art imaginable, yet there was ſtill more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur; et cum ars ſumma ſit, ingenium tamen ultra artem eſt.* If we take the pains to compare theſe expreſſions with thoſe of Homer, we ſhall find him altogether excuſable in his manner of deſcribing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this ſhield, ſays a modern critic, had been made in a wiſer age, it would have been more correct and leſs charged with objects. There are two things which cauſe the cenſurers to fall into this falſe criticiſm: the firſt is, that they think the ſhield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the deſign of the poet, and imagined this deſcription was only the whimſy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never ſo much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the ſhield was deſigned as a repreſentation of the univerſe.

It is happy that Virgil has made a buckler for Æneas, as well as Homer for Achilles. The Latin poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate thoſe things which time had changed, ſo as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his ſhield with a great deal more work, ſince he paints all the actions of the Romans from Aſcanius to Auguſtus; but has not avoided any of thoſe manners of expreſſion which offend the critics. We ſee there the wolf of Romulus and Remus, who gives them her dugs *one after another, mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere lingua*: the rape of the Sabines, and the war which followed it, *ſubitoque novum conſurgere bellum*: Metius, torn by four horſes, and Tullus, who draws his entrails through the foreſt: Porſenna commanding the Romans to receive Tarquin, and beſieging Rome: the geeſe flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their cries of the attack of the Gauls.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

We ſee the Salian dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the bleſſed, where Cato preſides: we ſee the famous battle of Actium, where we may diſtinguiſh the captains: Agrippa with the gods, and the winds favourable; and Anthony leading on all the forces of the eaſt, Egypt, and the Bactrians: the fight begins, the ſea is red with blood, Cleopatra gives the ſignal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a Syſtrum. *Patrio vocat agmina Syſtro.* The gods, or rather the monſters of Egypt, fight againſt Neptune, Venus, Minerva, Mars, and Apollo: we ſee Anthony's fleet beaten, and the Nile ſorrowfully opening his boſom to receive the conquered: Cleopatra looks pale and almoſt dead at the thought of that death ſhe had already determined; nay, we ſee the very wind Iapis, which haſtens her flight: we ſee the three triumphs of Auguſtus; that prince conſecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up ſacrifices, Auguſtus ſitting at the entrance of Apollo's temple, receives preſents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while the conquered nations paſs by, who *ſpeak different languages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

——— *Incedunt victae longo ordine gentes,*
Quam variae linguis, habitu tam veſtis et armis.

Nothing can better juſtify Homer, or ſhew the wiſdom and judgment of Virgil: he was charmed with Achilles's ſhield, and therefore would give the ſame ornament to his poem. But as Homer had painted the univerſe, he was ſenſible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and ſhew what the deſcendant of his hero ſhould perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond Homer, becauſe there is nothing improbable in the hands of a

god. If the critics say, that this is justifying one fault by another; I desire they would agree among themselves: for Scaliger, who was the first that condemned Homer's shield, admires Virgil's. But suppose they should agree, it would be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what Homer and Virgil have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taste should prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer men, who shew so little reason in their criticisms, that we can can do them no greater favour, than to ascribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are answered by Monf. Dacier. Since when, some others have been started, as that the objects represented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with Thetis who procured it, Vulcan who made it, or Achilles for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the representation of the sea was agreeable enough to Thetis; that the spheres and celestial fires were so to Vulcan; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanship was equally fit to come from the hands of this god) and that the images of a town besieged, a battel, and an ambuscade, were objects sufficiently proper for Achilles. But after all, where was the necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one hero as another: and Æneas, as Virgil tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his shield:

Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.

II. But still the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the most, is, that the shield is crouded with such a multiplicity of figures, as could not possibly be represented in the compass of it. The late dissertation of Monf. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the

pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular demonstration, in the print annexed.

This author supposes the buckler to have been perfectly round: he divides the convex surface into four concentric circles.

The circle next the centre contains the globe of the earth and the sea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimension of three inches.

The second circle is allotted for the heavens and the stars: he allows the space of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third shall be eight inches distant from the second. The space between these two circles shall be divided into twelve compartments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: and the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All these together make but four foot in the whole in diameter. The print of these circles and divisions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crouded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the Trojan war there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of Ajax is often compared to a tower, and in the sixth Iliad that of Hector is described to cover him from the shoulders to the ankles.

Ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν
Ἄντυξ ἣ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης. ver. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this buckler of Achilles, it is said that Vulcan cast round it a radiant circle,

Περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινήν. ver. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it

be alledged that ἄντυξ as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answered, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the centre, and to the course of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four foot diameter to this buckler: as one may suppose a large size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of a stature so large as Achilles.

In allowing four foot diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartiments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects which Homer mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartiment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are represented; but the reader may easily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the critics are not yet satisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal sense of the words πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, with which Homer begins his description, and the buckler may be supposed engraven on both sides, which supposition will double the size of each piece: the one side may serve for the general description of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now shewn, that the shield of Homer is blameless as to its design and disposition, and that the subject, so extensive as it is, may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vast unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartiments: what remains is to consider this piece as a complete *idea of painting*, and a sketch for what one may call an *universal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the critics have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that Homer did in this, as he has done in other arts, even in mechanics, that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if

not, as is highly probable, from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very obfervable, that there is fcarce a fpecies or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether hiftory, battel-painting, landfkip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, *etc.*

I think it poffible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally fuppofed by thofe who have written upon it. Pliny expreffly fays, that it was not known in the time of the Trojan war. The fame author, and others, reprefent it in a very imperfect ftate in Greece, in or near the days of Homer. They tell us of one painter, that he was the firft who begun to fhadow; and of another, that he filled his outlines only with a fingle colour, and that laid on every where alike: but we may have a higher notion of the art, from thofe defcriptions of ftatues, carvings, tapeftries, fculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he fays of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itfelf. If we confider how much it is his conftant practice to confine himfelf to the cuftom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and fculpture muft have been then in great practice and repute.

The fhield is not only defcribed as a piece of fculpture but of painting: the outlines may be fuppofed engraved, and the reft enameled, or inlaid with various-coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly diftinguifhed by Homer, where he fpeaks of the *blacknefs* of the new-opened earth, of the *feveral colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that Vulcan is feigned to caft into the furnace, were fufficient to afford all the neceffary colours: but if to thofe which are natural to the metals, we add alfo thofe which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we fhall find, that Vulcan had as great a variety of colours to make ufe of as any modern painter. That en-

amelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectured from what Diodorus reports of one of the walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, so as to represent all sorts of animals*, l. 2. c. 4. Now, it is but natural to infer, that men had made use of ordinary colours for the representation of objects, before they learned to represent them by such as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The same inference will be farther enforced from the works of tapestry, which the women of those times interweaved with many colours; as appears from the description of that veil which Hecuba offers to Minerva in the sixth Iliad, and from a passage in the twenty-second, where Andromache is represented working flowers in a piece of this kind: They must certainly have known the use of colours themselves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with these colours, and weaving those threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing so much more easily performed by a pencil. This observation I owe to the abbe Fraguier.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius so vast and comprehensive as that of Homer, might carry his views beyond the rest of mankind, and that in this buckler of Achilles he rather designed to give a scheme of what might be performed, than a description of what really was so: and since he made a god the artist, he might excuse himself from a strict confinement to what was known and practised at the time of the Trojan war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by strength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for Homer) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to say, in th *invention*, the *composition*, the *expression*, etc.

The *invention* is shewn in finding and intro ucing,

in every subject, the *greatest*, the most *significant*, and most *suitable* objects. Accordingly in every single picture of the shield, Homer constantly finds out either those objects which are naturally the principal, those which most conduce to shew the subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable light: these he never fails to dispose in the most advantageous manners, situations, and oppositions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterized*, in their expressions and attitudes, according to their several natures: the gods, for instance, are distinguished in air, habit, and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; masters from servants, in the eighth; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact observation of the *contrast*, not only between figure and figure, but between subject and subject. The city in peace is a contrast to the city in war: between the siege in the fourth picture, and the battel in the sixth, a piece of paisage is introduced, and rural scenes follow after. The country too is represented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are shewn in these two different states, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the subjects appear the same, he contrasts them some other way: thus the first picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the second has a character of earnestness and sollicitude, in the dispute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the plowing is of a different character from the harvest, and that of the harvest from the vintage. In each of these there is a contrast of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: in the first, some are plowing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we see the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the last, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with music and a dance. The persons are no less varied, old and young men and women: there being women in two pictures together, namely, the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable, that those in

the latter are of a different character from the former; they who drefs the fupper being ordinary women, the others who carry bafkets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: and thefe again are of an inferior character to thofe in the twelfth piece, who are diftinguifhed as people of condition by a more elegant drefs. There are three dances in the buckler; and thofe too are varied: that at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the *laft picture*, a mingled one. Laftly, there is a manifeft contraft in the colours; nay, even in the back grounds of the feveral pieces: for example, that of the plowing is of a dark tinct, that of the harveft yellow, that of the pafture green, and the reft in like manner.

That he was not a ftranger to aereal *perfpective*, appears in his exprefly marking the diftance of object from object: he tells us, for inftance, that the two fpies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak, under which was fpread the banquet of the reapers, ftood apart: what he fays of the valley fprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a defcription of a large country in perfpective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the fhield; which could not be all expreffed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a fort of proof that the art of leffening them according to perfpective was known at that time.

What the critics call the *three unities*, ought in reafon as much to be obferved in a picture as in a play; each fhould have only *one principal action*, one *inftant of time*, and one *point of view*. In this method of examination alfo, the fhield of Homer will bear the teft: he has been more exact than the greateft painters, who have often deviated from one or other of thefe rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartiment) it will appear,

First, That there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no fupernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will anfwer all that has ben faid

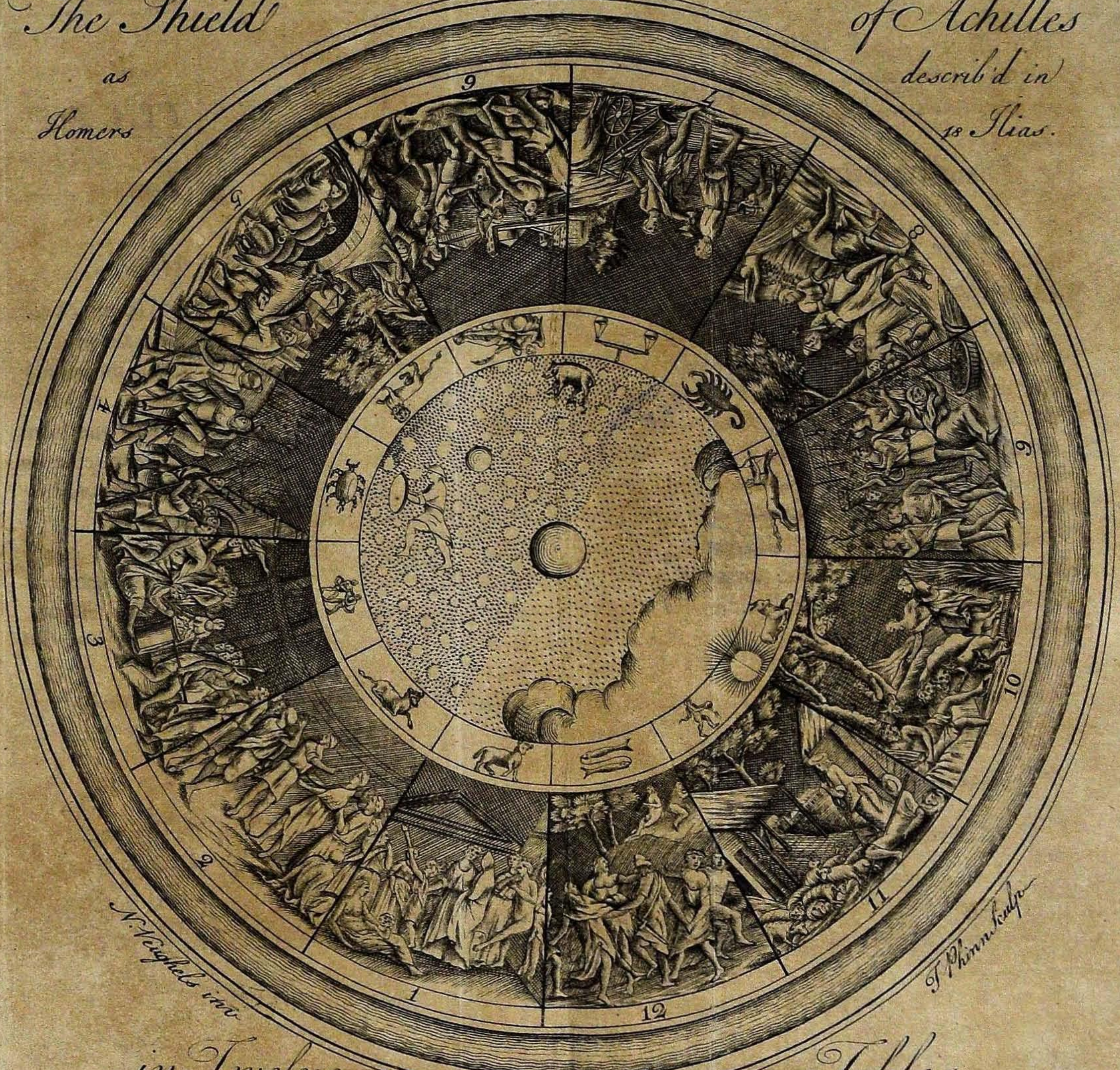
of the confusion and croud of figures on the shield, by those who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, That no action is represented in one piece, which could not happen in the same instant of time. This will overthrow the objection against so many different actions appearing in one shield; which, in this case, is as much absurd as to object against so many of Raphael's Cartons appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifest that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be seen in one point of view. Hereby the abbe Terrasson's whole criticism will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, stars, and sea, with the particular prospects of towns, fields, *etc.* could never be seen all at once. Homer was incapable of so absurd a thought; nor could these heavenly bodies, had he intended them for a picture, have ever been seen together from one point; for the constellations and the full moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the sun. But the celestial bodies were placed on the boss, as the ocean at the margin of the shield: these were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: in the same manner as the divisions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the discretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, grotesque, or what he pleases: however, his judgment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extrinsical parts, to bear some allusion to the main design: it is this which Homer has done, in placing a sort of sphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was so expresly intended to represent the universe.

I proceed now to the detail of the shield; in which the words of Homer being first translated, an attempt will be made to shew with what exact order all that he describes may enter into the composition, according to the rules of painting.

The Shield of Achilles as describ'd in Homers 18 Ilias.



in Twelve Tables

Three of a Town in Peace 1. a Marriage. 2. An Assembly of the People. 3. a Senate.
Three of a Town in War. 4. Besieged making a Sally. 5. Shepherds and their Flocks falling into an Ambuscade. 6. a Combat.
Three of Agriculture. 7. Tillage. 8. Harvest. 9. a Vintage.
Three of a Pastoral Life. 10. Lions & Herds of Cattle. 11. Sheep. 12. the Dance.

THE

SHIELD of *ACHILLES.*

Divided into ſeveral Parts.*

The Boss *of the* Shield.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, etc.] "Here Vulcan repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only conſtellation which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about the pole, and obſerves the courſe of Orion."

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial globes, and took up the centre of the ſhield: it is plain, by the huddle in which Homer expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture: as follow.

Firſt compartiment. *A town in peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις, etc.] "He engraved two cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers, were conducted through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth ſung the hymenæal ſong: the youths turned rapidly about a circular dance: the flute and the lyre reſounded: the women, every one in the ſtreet, ſtanding in the porches, beheld and admired."

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and mu-

ficians behind them: the ftreet in perfpective on either fide, the women and fpectators in the porches, *etc.* difperfed through all the architecture.

Second compartiment. *An affembly of people.*

Λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ, etc.] "There was feen a number "of people in the market-place, and two men difput-"ing warmly: the occafion was the payment of a fine "for a murder, which one affirmed before the people "he had paid, the other denied to have received; both "demanded, that the affair fhould be determined by "the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the "multitude favoured fometimes the one party, and "fometimes the other."

Here is a fine plan for a mafter-piece of *expreffion;* any judge of painting will fee our author has chofen that *caufe* which, of all others, would give occafion to the greateft variety of expreffion: the father, the murderer, the witneffes, and the different paffions of the affembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himfelf.

Third compartiment. *The fenate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, etc.] "The heralds rang-"ed the people in order: the reverend elders were feat-"ed on feats of polifhed ftone, in the facred circle; "they rofe up and declared their judgment, each in his "turn, with the fceptre in his hand: two talents of "gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given "to him who fhould pronounce the moft equitable "judgment."

The judges are feated in the centre of the picture; one, who is the principal figure, ftanding up as fpeaking, another in an action of rifing, as in order to fpeak: the ground about them a profpect of the forum, filled with auditors and fpectators.

Fourth compartiment. *A town in war.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, etc.] "The other city was besieg-
"ed by two glittering armies: they were not agreed
"whether to ſack the town, or divide all the booty of
"it into two equal parts, to be ſhared between them:
"mean time the beſieged ſecretly armed themſelves for
"an ambuſcade. Their wives, children, and old men
"were poſted to defend their walls: the warriors
"marched from the town with Pallas and Mars at their
"head: the deities were of gold, and had golden ar-
"mours, by the glory of which they were diſtinguiſh-
"ed above the men, as well as by their ſuperior ſtature,
"and more elegant proportions."

This ſubject may be thus diſpoſed: the town pretty near the eye, a-croſs the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: the chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the ſword, or ſparing it on account of the booty, may be expreſſed by ſome having their hands on their ſwords, and looking up to the city, others ſtopping them, or in an action of perſuading againſt it. Behind, in proſpect, the townſmen may be ſeen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear inſtance of what the antients always practiſed; the diſtinguiſhing the gods and goddeſſes by characters of majeſty or beauty ſomewhat ſuperior to nature; we conſtantly find this in their ſtatues, and to this the modern maſters owe the grand taſte in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth compartiment. *An ambuſcade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον, etc.] "Being arrived at the ri-
"ver where they deſigned their ambuſh, the place where
"the cattle were watered, they diſpoſed themſelves a-
"long the bank, covered with their arms: two ſpies
"lay at a diſtance from them obſerving when the oxen
"and ſheep ſhould come to drink. They came imme-

" diately, followed by two ſhepherds, who were playing
" on their pipes, without any apprehenſion of their dan-
" ger."

This quiet picture is a kind of repoſe between the laſt and the following active pieces. Here is a ſcene of a river and trees, under which lie the ſoldiers, next the eye of the ſpectator; on the farther bank are placed the two ſpies on one hand, and the flocks and ſhepherds appear coming at a greater diſtance on the other.

Sixth compartiment. *The battel.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες, etc.] " The people of the town
" ruſhed upon them, carried off the oxen and ſheep,
" and killed the ſhepherds. The beſiegers ſitting be-
" fore the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their
" horſes, arrived at the bank of the river; where they
" ſtopped, and encountered each other with their ſpears.
" Diſcord, tumult, and fate raged in the midſt of them.
" There might you ſee cruel Deſtiny dragging a dead
" ſoldier through the battel; two others ſhe ſeized a-
" live; one of which was mortally wounded; the o-
" ther not yet hurt: the garment on her ſhoulders was
" ſtained with human blood: the figures appeared as
" if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think
" they really dragged off their dead."

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battel-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the Parca or Deſtiny is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as Rubens, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the antients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh compartiment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακήν,] " The next piece re-
" preſented a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which
" ſeemed to have been three times plowed; the labourers

“ appeared turning their plows on every ſide. As
“ ſoon as they came to a land's end, a man preſented
“ them a bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turned,
“ and worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten to
“ the next land's end. The field was of gold, but look-
“ ed black behind the plows, as if it had really been
“ turned up; the ſurprizing effect of the art of Vulcan.

The plowmen muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of Homer is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: the giving a cup of wine to the plowmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion in the faces.

Eight compartiment. *The harveſt.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, etc.] “ Next he repreſented a
“ field of corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp
“ ſickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the
“ furrows in equal rows: three binders were employ-
“ ed in making up the ſheaves: the boys attending
“ them, gathered up the loſe ſwarths, and carried them
“ in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field
“ ſtanding in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſceptre
“ in his hand, rejoices in ſilence: his officers, at a
“ diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the ſhade of an oak,
“ and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed; while the wo-
“ men mix the flower of wheat for the reapers ſupper.”

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his ſceptre: the oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, *etc.* on a diſtant ground, would all together make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth compartiment. *The vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σταφυλῇσι, etc.] "He then engraved a "vineyard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was "gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them "ſilver. A trench of a dark metal, and a paliſade of "tin encompaſſed the whole vineyard. There was "one path in it, by which the labourers in the vine-"yard paſſed: young men and maids carried the fruit "in woven baſkets: in the middle of them a youth "played on the lyre, and charmed them with his ten-"der voice, as he ſung to the ſtrings (or as he ſung the "ſong of Linus:) the reſt ſtriking the ground with "their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, "and accompanied his voice with their own."

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids toward the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the incloſure, pales, gate, *etc.* on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the the reſt.

Tenth compartiment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, etc.] "He graved a herd "of oxen marching with their heads erected; theſe "oxen, inlaid with gold and tin, ſeemed to bellow as "they quitted their ſtall, and run in haſte to the mea-"dows, through which a rapid river rolled with re-"ſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: four herdſmen "of gold attended them, followed by nine large "dogs. Two terrible lions ſeized a bull by the "throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the "dogs and the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but the li-"ons having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and "drank his blood. The herdſmen came up with their "dogs, and heartened them in vain; they durſt not "attack the lions, but ſtanding at ſome diſtance, bark-"ed at them, and ſhunned them."

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſa-

vage; but what is remarkable, is, that these animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs, and lions are put into action, enough to exercise the warmth and spirit of Rubens, or the great taste of Julio Romano.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails; a herdsman or two heartening the dogs: all these on the fore-ground. On the second ground another groupe of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads and running; other herdsmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a prospect of the river.

Eleventh compartiment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν, etc.] "The divine artist then engraved "a large flock of white sheep feeding along a beautiful "valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and inclosed "shelters, were scattered through the prospect."

This is an intire landscape without human figures, an image of nature solitary and undisturbed: the deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

Twelfth compartiment. *The dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, etc.] "The skilful *Vulcan* then design-"ed the figure and various motions of a dance, like "that which Daedalus of old contrived in Gnossus for "the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens "danced hand in hand; the maidens were dressed in "linen garments, the men in rich and shining stuffs: the "maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men "had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts "of silver. Here they seem to run in a ring with active "feet, as swiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by "the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move "in many figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes "to wind from each other. A multitude of spectators "stood round, delighted with the dance. In the mid-

" dle two nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats " of activity, while the song was carried on by the " whole circle."

This picture includes the greatest number of persons: Homer himself has grouped them and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the subject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The Border *of the* Shield.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο, etc.] " Then lastly, he repre- " sented the rapid course of the great ocean, which he " made to roll its waves round the extremity of the " whole circumference."

This, as has been said before, was only the frame to the whole shield, and is therefore but slightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this essay, without vindicating myself from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love so much better than I understand: but I have been very careful to consult both the best performers and judges in painting. I cannot neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the favour of the most distinguished masters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he intirely agreees with my sentiments on this subject: and I cannot help wishing that he who gives this testimony to Homer would ennoble so great a design by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for Thetis with more readiness and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me: and so admirable a picture of the whole universe could not be a more agreeable present than he has obliged me with, in the portraits of some of those persons, who are to me the dearest objects in it.

The End of the third Volume.